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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Look About You

Date of the only known edition, ... 1600

(*B.M.* C. *34*, b. *32.*)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Look About You

1600

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Look About You

1600

This play is facsimiled from an original copy in the British Museum, another example being at Bridgewater House, and yet another in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, reports of the reproduction:—

"*There is nothing calling for special comment as regards the reproduction from the original copy.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.

A PLEASANT COMMODIE, CALLED Looke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his seruaunts

LONDON,
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne
neere Guild-hall gate.
1600.

A pleaſaunt Commodye
called
Looke about you.

Enter Robert Hood *a young Noble-man, a ſeruant with him, with ryding wandes in their handes, as if they had beene new lighted.*

Robert.

GOe, walke the horſes, wayte me on the hill,
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of ſight:
My buſines with him muſt not be reueal'd,
To any mortall creature but himſelfe.

Ser. Ile waite your honour in the croſſe high-way. *Exit.*

Rob. Doe ſo: Hermit deuout and reuerend,
If drouſie age keepe not thy ſtiffe ned ioyntes,
On thy vneſtfull bed, or if the houres
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,
Come foorth.

Enter Skinke *like an Hermit.*

Skin. Good morrow ſon, good morrow, & God bleſſe thee
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.
Thou ſhalt be rich in honour, full of ſpeed,
Thou ſhalt win foes by feare, and friends by meede.

Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,
Important buſines vrgeth Princely *Richard*, *Deliuer letters.*
In theſe termes to ſalute thy reuerent age.
Read and be briefe, I know ſome cauſe of truſt,
Made him imploy me for his meſſenger.

Skin. A cauſe of truſt indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,

To make nice choyſe faire Earle, if I not erre,
Thou art the Princes ward.
Ro. Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow.
Skin. Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,
Wend to Prince *Richard*, ſay though I am loath,
To vſe my skill in Coniuration:
Yet *Skinke* that poyſoned red cheekt *Roſamond*,
Shall make appearaunce at the Parlament,
He ſhall be there by noone aſſure his Grace.
Rob. Good morrow Father, ſee you faile him not,
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *Iohn*,
Sworne to defend him from his greateſt foes.
Skin. Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.
Rob. Adew good father, holla there, my horſe? *Exit.*
Skin. Vp, ſpur the kicking Iade, while I make ſpeede,
To Coniure *Skinke* out of his Hermits weede;
Lye there religion keep thy M. graue,
And on the faire truſt of theſe Princes word
To Court againe *Skinke*: but before I goe,
Let miſchiefe take aduiſe of villany.
Why to the Hermit letters ſhould be ſent,
To poaſt *Skinke* to the Court incontinent:
Is there no tricke in this? ha let me ſee?
Or doe they know already I am he?
If they doe ſo, faith weſtward then with *Skinke*:
But what an aſſe am I to be thus fond,
Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found
Some two monthes ſince, when I was howerly charg'd
With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Conſtables,
I ſaw him in the ready way to heauen,
I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed;
And there he lyes ſome ſixe foote in the ground,
Since when, and ſince, I kept me in his weedes.
O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell;
For Fortunes, run-awaies, ſtolne goods, loſt cattle,
Among the number, all the faction
That take the young Kings part againſt the olde;

Come

Come to my ſelfe to harken for my ſelfe,
So did the aduerſe party make enquire,
But eyther fall full of contrary deſire:
The olde Kings part would kill me being ſtain'd,
The young Kings keep me from their violence.
So then thou needſt not feare, goe boldly on,
Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my ſpruce hot ſpur *Iohn*,
Heer's their ſafe conduct: O but for *Roſamond*!
A fig for *Roſamond*, to this hope Ile leane:
At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrald on the one ſide, Henry *the ſecond Crowned, after him* Lancaſter, Cheſter, *Sir* Richard Faukenbridge: *on the other part, K.* Henry *the Sonne crowned, Herrald after him: after him Prince* Rich. Iohn, Leyſter, *being ſet, enters fantaſticall* Robert *of Gloſter in a gowne girt: walkes vp and downe.*

Old. K. Why doth not *Gloſter* take his honoured ſeate?
Glo. In faith my Liege *Gloſter* is in a land
Where neyther ſuerty is to ſit or ſtand.
I onely doe appeare as I am ſummoned,
And will awaite without till I am call'd.
Yon. K. Why heare you *Gloſter*?
Glo. Henry I doe heare you.
Yon. K. And why not King?
Glo. What's he that ſits ſo neere you?
Rich. King too.
Glo. Two Kings? ha. ha.
Ol. K. Gloſter ſit we charge thee.
Glo. I will obey your charge, I will ſit downe,
But in this houſe, on no ſeate but the ground.
Iohn. The ſeat's too good.
Glo. I know it brother *Iohn*.
Io. Thy brother? *Ol. K.* Silence there.
Yon. K. Paſſe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.
Fau. My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worſt may
Will ſtraine his olde eyes, God ſend peace this day.

A bill for the releasement of the Queene prefer'd,
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich.* the Prince, *John* Earle
Of Murton, *Bohmine* Earle of Leister and the cõmons :
Old K. Did you preferre this byll?
All. We did.
Cheſt. Lanc. Yee did not well.
Glo. Why this is good, now ſhall we haue the hell.
3. Bro. Cheſter and *Lancaſter* you wrong the King.
Cheſt. Lan. Our King we doe not.
Yon. K. Doe not you ſee me crown'd?
Lanc. But whilſt he liues we to none elſe are bound.
Ley. Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world
Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,
Impriſoned by her husband in a Realme,
Where her owne ſonne doth weare a Diademe?
Is like an head of people murinous,
Still murmuring at the ſhaine done her and vs?
Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale
Sounded through Europe, Affricke, Aſſia,
Tels in the holl ow of newes thirſting eares,
Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,
For pitry and affection to her ſonne :
But when the true cauſe, Cliffords daughters death
Shall be expoſed to ſtranger nations:
What vollumes will be writ, what lybels ſpred?
And in each lyne our ſtate diſhonoured.
Fauk. My Lord ſpeakes to the purpoſe, mary it may bee ſo,
Pray God it prooue not ſo.
Ley. Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,
It is an heynous and vnheard of ſinne :
Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,
King *Henries* wife and royall *Henries* mother,
Is kept cloſe priſoner for an acte of Iuſtice,
Committed on an odious Concubine,
Kin. Thou wrongſt her *Leiſter.*
Les. Leachers euer praiſe the cauſe of their confuſion. She
Fau. She was ill ſpoken of it's true, true. (was vile
Gloſt. Yonder ſits one would doe as much for you

Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,
And on your wife my ſiſter would beſtow it.
Heer's a good world men haue adulterous ſin,
Count it a gulfe, and yet they needs will in.
Lei. What anſwere for the Queene?
Lan. The King replyes your words are foule ſlaunderous
Iohn. His highnes ſayes not ſo. (forgeryes.
Lan. His highnes doth,
Tels you its a ſhame for ſuch wilde youth,
To ſmother any impiety,
With ſhew to chaſtice looſe adulterie.
Say *Roſamond* was *Henries* Concubine,
Had neuer King a Concubine but he?
Did *Roſamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?
Made ſhe the Northerne borders reeke with flames?
Vnpeopled ſhe the townes of Picardy?
Left ſhe the wiues of England husbandles?
O no: ſhe ſinn'd I graunt, ſo doe we all,
She fell her ſelfe, deſiring none ſhould fall;
But *Elinor* whom you ſo much commend,
Hath been the bellowes of ſeditious fire,
Eyther through Iealious rage or mad deſire;
Iſt not a ſhame to thinke that ſhe hath arm'd
Foure Sonnes right hands, againſt their fathers head,
And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,
But one whom God on earth hath deified?
See where he ſits with ſorrow in his eyes,
Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,
Smiles whilſt he weeps, and with a proude diſdaine,
Imbrace bliſh mirth, while his ſad heart complaine.
Fau. Ha laugh they? nay by the rood that is not wel,
Now fie young princes fie.
Hen. Peace doting foole.
Iohn. Be ſilent aſſe.
Fau. With all my heart my Lords, my humble leaue my
Gods mother aſſe and foole for ſpeaking truth, (Lords
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.
Rich. Nay ſtay good *Faukenbriage*, impute it rage,

That

That thus abuſes your right reuerend age,
My brothers are too hot.
Fau. Too hot indeed, foole, aſſe, for ſpeaking truth?
it's more than need.
Rich. Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreate
For all the loue I beare your noble houſe,
Let not your abſence kindle further wrath,
Each ſide's at counſell now ſit downe I pray,
Ile quite it with the kindeſt loue I may.
Glo. I to his wife.
Fau. Prince *Richard* Ile ſit downe,
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,
Had you not been I would haue left the place,
My ſeruice merits not ſo much diſgrace.
Ric. Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee. *Go to their places.*
Glo. And you'l thinke of him, if you can ſtep into his bower
at Stepney.
Fau. Prince Richard's very kinde, I know his kindenes,
He loues me but he loues my Lady better,
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame.
They breake aſunder. Papers this while being offred and ſubſcribed betweene eyther.
Hen. Ile not ſubſcribe to this indignity,
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King;
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North,
The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,
Wales and the Iſles that compaſſe in the mayne.
Glo. Nay giue him all and he will ſcant be pleaſ'd.
Rich. Brother you aske too much.
Iohn. To much, too little, hee ſhall haue that and more, I
I will haue Nottingham and Salisbury, (ſweare he ſhall.
Stafford and Darby, and ſome other Earledome,
Or by S. *Iohn* (whoſe bleſſed name I beare)
Ile make theſe places like a wildernes.
Is't not a plague, an horrible abuſe,
A King, a King of England ſhould be Father
To foure ſuch proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,

My brother *Geffrey* and my proper ſelfe,
And yet not giue his ſonnes ſuch maintenaunce,
As he conſumes among his minions.
Rich. Be more reſpectiue *Iohn.*
Io. Reſpectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing wether-cocke?
I ſay it's reaſon *Henry* ſhould be King,
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Ieffry* is a Duke.
Lan. What ſhall your Father doe?
Io. Liue at his prayers, haue a ſufficient pention by the yere,
Repent his ſinnes becauſe his end is neere.
Glo. A gratious ſonne, a very gratious ſonne.
Kin. Will this content you? I that haue ſat ſtill,
Amaz'd to ſee my ſonnes deuoyde of ſhame;
To heare my ſubiects with rebellious tongues,
Wound the kinde boſome of their Soueraigne,
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart
Deliuer all my loue, for all your hate:
Will this content thee cruell *Elinor?*
Your ſauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;
The Tygreſſe that hath drunke the purple bloud,
Of three times twenty thouſand valiant men;
Waſhing her red chaps, in the weeping teates,
Of widdows, virgins, nurſes, ſucking babes.
And laſtly ſorted with her damn'd conſorts,
Entred a laborinth to murther loue.
Will this content you? ſhe ſhall be releaſt,
That ſhe may next ſeaze me ſhe moſt enuyes.
Hen. Our mothers liberty is ſome content.
Kin. What elſe would *Henry* haue? *Hen.* The Kingdome.
Kin. Peruſe this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.
Ioh. Hall be not anſwered but with Soueraignty,
For glorious is the ſway of Maieſty.
Kin. What would content you *Iohn*?
Ioh. Fiue Earledomes Sir. *Kin.* What you ſonne *Richard*?
Ric. Pardon gratious father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow
For I haue ſworne to God and all his Saints, (of penance
Theſe armes erected in rebellious brawles,
Againſt my Father and my Soueraigne,

Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoaſts,
In wrong'd Iudea and Paleſtina,
That ſhall be Richards pennance for his pride,
His bloud a ſatisfaction for his ſinne,
His patrimony, men, munition,
And meanes to waft them into Siria.
Kin. Thou ſhalt haue thy deſire Heroyicke Sonne,
As ſoone as other home-bred brawles are done.
Lan. Why weepes olde Faukenbridge?
Fau. I am almoſt blind, to heare ſons cruell, and the fathers kinde,
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to ſee,
Such patience and ſo much impiety.
Glo. Brother content thee this is but the firſt,
Worſe is a brewing, and yet not the worſt.
Lei. You ſhall not ſtand to this. *Hen.* And why my Lord?
Ley. The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.
Hen. What's that to me, by Acte of Parlament,
If they be mine confirm'd, he muſt be pleaſ'd.
Ioh. Be pleaſ'd King puppet? haue I ſtood for thee,
Euen in the mouth of death? open'd my armes
To ſercle in ſeditious vgly ſhape?
Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,
Prophan'd all Maieſty in heauen and earth;
Writ in blacke Cartacters on my white brow,
The name of rebell Iohn againſt his Father:
For thee, for thee, thou Ocimie of honour,
Thou worme of Maieſty, thou froth, thou puble.
And muſt I now be pleaſ'd in peaſe to ſtand,
While ſtatutes make the owner of my land?
Glo. Good paſtime good, now will the theeues fall out?
Ioh. O if I doe, let me be neuer held
Royall King Henryes ſonne, pardon me father,
Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.
Dicke, come and leaue his ſide, aſſayle him Lords,
Let's haue no parly but with billes and ſwoordes.
Ki. Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry ſpeake,
He mindes thee no ſuch wrong.
Io. He were not beſt.

Hen. Why

called Looke about you.

Hen. Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no ieſt?
I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.
Io. And Moorton too? *Hen.* I and Moorton too.
Io. Why ſo, now once more Ile ſit downe by you.
Glo. Blow winde, the youngeſt of King Henries ſtocke,
Would fitly ſerue to make a weather-cocke.
Io. Gape earth, challenge thine owne as Gloſter lyes,
Pitty ſuch mucke is couer'd with the skies.
Fau. Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund
You ſhould be quiet, and tis very meete,
It's moſt conuenient, how ſay you Prince Richard?
Rich. It is indeed.
Fa. Why that is wiſely ſaid, you are a very kinde indifferent man,
Mary a God and by my hollidame,
Were not I had a feeling in my head,
Of ſome ſuſpition twixt my wife and him,
I ſhould affect him more then all the world.
Glo. Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad,
My Siſter's faire, and beauty may turne bad.

Enter Robert Hood *a paper in his hand.*

Officer. Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.
Fau. A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.
Hen. Richard I haue had wrong about his wardſhip.
Ric. You cannot right your ſelfe.
Io. He can and ſhall.
Ric. Not with your help, but honourable youth
Haue yee perform'd the buſines I enioyn'd?
Rob. I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill,
Hen. No matter for his bill let him come in.
Kin. Let him not enter, his infectious breath
Will poyſon the aſſembly.
Gl. Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your Throne,
Leyſter is there, your enuious Sonnes is there;
If them you can endure, no poyſon feare.
Kin. Content thee Gloſter. patient,
Glo. I muſt be content, when you that ſhould mend all are
Hen. Welcome good Skinke thou iuſtly doſt complaine,
Thou ſtandſt in dread of death for Roſamond,

Whom thou didſt poyſon at our dread commaund,
And the appointment of our gratious Mother;
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon.
Skin. I receiue it gratiouſly, wiſhing his ſoule ſweet peace,
in heauen for ſo meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue
not his heart though his hand.
Kin. Be ſure thou haſt not, murderous bloud-ſucker,
To iealious enuy executioner.
Hen. Beſides thou ſueſt to haue ſome maintenaunce,
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee,
Thou ſhalt haue Rowden Lordſhip.
Gloſt. Shal he ſo? will you reward your murtherers with my
Hen. Your lands? it is our gift and he ſhall haue it. (lands
Glo. Ile giue him ſeaſure firſt with this and this. *Strike him.*
Iohn. Lay holde on *Gloſter*.
Kin. Holde that murtherous *Skinke*.
Glo. Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,
And I haue borne diſgrace while I can beare.
Fau. Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother
Gloſter? nay be appeaſ'd, be patient brother.
Rich. Shift for thy ſelfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away:
Heere will be parts.
Skin. Swords Ile make one and ſtay.
Ioh. I prethee be gone ſince thus it falleth out,
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt.
Ski. Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,
Skinke neuer will put truſt in warrants more. *Exit.*
Kin. Will *Gloſter* not be bridled?
Glo. Yes my Liege and ſadled too, and ryd, and ſpur'd, &
Such miſery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, (rayn'd,
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me ſpeake.
Kin. Wher's that knaue *Skinke*? I charge you ſee him ſtayd.
Fauk. The ſwift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,
Heer's worke indeed.
Kin. Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy ſearch be made,
Let not one paſſe except he be well knowne,
Let poaſtes be euery way ſent ſpeedily,
For ten miles compaſſe round about the Citty.

Hen. Take

called Looke about you.

Hen. Take *Gloſter to you* Liefetenant of the Tower,
Keep him aſide till we conferre a while,
Father you muſt ſubſcribe to his committing.
Lan. Why muſt he *Henry*? (lawes.
Ley. Mary for this cauſe, he hath broke peace and violated
Glo. So haue you all done, rebels as you be.
Fau. Good words good brother, heare me gratious Lords,
Hen. I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,
Gloſter muſt of force anſwere this contempt.
Kin. I will not yeeld he ſhall vnto the Tower,
Warden of th'Fleete take you the charge of *Gloſter*.
Hen. Why be it ſo, yet ſtay with him a while,
Till we take order for the company
That ſhall attend him, and reſort to him.
Glo. Warden of the Fleete I ſee I am your charge,
Befriend me thus, leaſt by theyr commaund,
I be preuented of what I intend.
Keep. Commaund me any ſeruice in my power.
Glo. I pray you call ſome nimble footed fellow,
To doe a meſſage for me to my ſiſter.
Keep. Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipſtaffe, *Exit one*
He ſtammers, but he's ſwift and truſty Sir. *for him.*

Enter Redcap.

Glo. No matter for his ſtammering, is this he?
Red. I I am am Re Redcap ſ ſ ſir.
Glo. Run Redcap to Stepney.
Red. Ile be at Stepney p p preſently.
Glo. Nay ſtay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my ſiſter.
Red. The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run ſir.
Glo. But take thy errand, tell her I am priſoner,
Committed to the Fleete.
Red. I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p porter ſha ſhall ge ge get a f f fee by you. *Still runnes.*
Glo. Stand ſtill a while, deſire her to make meanes
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,
At thy returne (make ſpeed) I will reward thee.
Red. I am g g gone ſi ſir.
Rich. Commend me to her gentle Huntington,

Tell her in theſe aſſayres Ile ſtand her friend,
Her brother ſhall not long be priſoner:
Say I will viſit her immediatlie.
Be gone ſweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,
Thou lookeſt like loue perſwade her to be louing.
Ro. So farre as honour will I will perſwade,
Ile lay loues battery to her modeſt eares,
Second my milde aſſault, you may chaunce win,
Fare parley at the leaſt, may hap paſſe in. *Exit.*
Hen. Heere take your charge, let no man ſpeake with him,
Except our ſelfe, our brethren, or Earle Leiceſter.
Fau. Not I my Lord, may not I ſpeake with him?
Hen. Yes Faukenbridge thou ſhalt.
Io. And why? he is his wiues brother.
Fau. Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, &
Glo. What, ſhal I haue no ſeruant of my owne? (ſo is he.
Hen. No, but the houſholde ſeruants of the Fleete.
Glo. I thanke you kinſman King, your father knowes,
Gloſter may boldelie giue a baſe ſlaue blowes.
Fau. O but not heere, it was not well done heere.
Kin. Farewell good Gloſter, you ſhall heare from vs.
Glo. Euen what your Sonnes will ſuffer you to ſend;
Iſt not a miſerie to ſee you ſtand,
That ſome time was, the Monarch of this land,
Intreating traytors for a ſubiects freedome?
Lei. Let him not ſpeake, away with him to priſon.
Glo. Heer's like to be a well ſtayd common wealth,
Where in proude Leiſter, and licentious Iohn,
Are pillers for the King to leane vpon.
Io. Wee'll heare your rayling Lecture in the Fleete.
Hen. On our diſpleaſure ſee he ſpeake no more.
Glo. On thy diſpleaſure, well yee haue me heere;
O that I were within my Fort of Bungye
Whoſe walles are waſht with the cleare ſtreames of Aueney
Then would not Gloſter paſſe a halfe-penny,
For all theſe rebels, and their poore King too.
Laughſt thou King Henry? thou knows my words are true,
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

Io. Th

Io. That Caſtle ſhal be mine, where ſtands it Faudenbridge
Fau. Far from your reach ſure, vnder Feckhill ridge,
Fiue hundred men (England hath few ſuch wight)
Keeps it for Gloſters vſe both day and night:
But you may eaſily winne it, wantons words
Quickly can maſter men, tongues out brawle ſwords.
Io. Yee are an Idyot.
Rich. I prethee *Iohn* forbeare.
Iob. What ſhall olde winter with his froſty ieſtes,
Croſſe flowry pleaſure?
Fau. I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle you.
Were there no more in place but I and you.
Kin. Seaſe theſe contentions, forward to the Tower,
Releaſe Queene Elinor, and leaue me there
Your priſoner I am ſure, if yee had power,
Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare:
Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,
Making the freſh Thames, ſalt with teares of woe.
Hen. And wee'll by land through the Citty ride,
Making the people tremble at our pride. *Exeunt with Trumpets two waies.*

Enter Skinke ſolus

Skin. Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,
I would giue it for a commodity of Apron-ſtrings, ſo
Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke
Findes them as ſure as an obligation ſeal'd with butter.
At Kings Bridge I durſt not enter a boate, through
London the ſtones were fiery, I haue had a good
Coole way through the fields, and in the high way
To Ratcliffe ſtands a heater: Mile-end's couered with
Who goes there, Tis for me ſure; O Kent, O Kent,
I would giue my part of all Chriſtendome to feele
Thee as I ſee thee. If I goe forward I am ſtayed,
If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run
From S. Iohnes after me: I were beſt ſtay heere,
Leaſt if he come with hue and cry, he ſtop me yonder,
I would ſlip the coller for feare of the halter;
But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,
His race dyes, he is as ſure dead, as if a Parlament

Of Deuils had decreed it.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Ste Ste Stepney chi church yonder, but I haue forgot
The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,
I mu muſt b backe to the Fle Fle Fleete to kn kn know it.
The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Gloſter
Will go ne neere to ſt ſtab me, ſo for forgetting
My errand, he is ſuch a ma ma mad Lord, the
La Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Help me deuiſe, vpon my life this foole is ſent
From Gloſter to his ſiſter *Marian*.

Redc. I m muſt nee needs goe backe, the La Lady
Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. God ſpeed good fellow.

Red. Go go god ſp ſp ſpeed you ſir.

Skin. Why run'ſt thou from me?

Red. Ma mary ſir, I haue lo loſt a La Ladyes name, and I am
running ba backe to ſe ſe ſeeke it.

Skin. What Lady? I prethee ſtay.

Red. Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Faukenbridge?

Red. I the ſ ſ ſame, ff farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

Skin. If thou wouldſt ſpeake with her ſhe is in Kent,
I ſerue her, what's thy buſines with my Lady?

Red. I ſh ſh ſhould doe an errand to her f f from my *Lord*
Of Gloſter, but a a and ſhe be in k Kent, Ile ſ ſend it by you.

Skin. Where is my *Lord*?

Red. Mary p p priſoner in the Fl Fleete, a a and w would
haue her ſpeake to P Prince R Richard for his re re re-
leaſe.

Skin. I haue much buſines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my
Lady lyes this night.

Red. Wh wh where I pray?

Skin. At Grauesend at the Angell.

Red. Tis deuilliſh co co colde going by water.

Skin. Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,
Thy cap and Ierkin will ſerue me to ride in
By the way, thou haſt winde and ty de, take Oares.

My Lady will reward thee royally.

Red. G God a mercy, f fa faith and euer th thou'co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete, Ile giue the tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

Skin. Hye thee, to morrow morning at Graueſ-end Ile waſh thy ſtammering throate with a mug of ale merrily.

Red. God be w with you till ſ ſoo ſoone; what call you the Lady? O now I re remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what ſ ſigne?

Skin. At the Angell.

Red. A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Fau kenbridge, Fa Fau Faukenbridge.

Skin. Farewell and bee hang'd good ſtammering ninny, I thinke I haue ſet your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as ſa ſafely ſe ſet mee fr from the ſearchers walkes. Yonder comes ſome one, hem: Skink to' your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I beleeue will faile mee.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Con. Come make vp to this fellow, let th'other go, he ſeems a gentleman, what are you ſir?

Skin. Would I had kept my owne ſute, if the countenaunce carry it away.

Con. Stand ſirra, what are you?

Skin. The po po Porters Sonne of the F Fl Fleete, going to Stepney about buſineſſe to the La La Lady Fa Fa Fauken-bridge.

Con. Well bring him thether, ſome two or three of yee ho-neſt neyghbors, and ſo backe to the Fleete, we'll ſhew our ſelues dilligent aboue other Officers.

Skin. Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

Con. Well, ſure you ſhall now run no faſter then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my ſtaffe with yee, bee vigilent I pray you, ſearch the ſuſpitious houſes at the townes end, this Skink's a trouncer; come, will you be gone ſir?

Skin. Yes ſir, and the deuill goe with you and them, Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enters Robin hood and Blocke.

Blo. Sweet nobilitie in reuerſion, Blocke by the commiſſion of his head, Coniures you and withall bindes you, by all the tricks that pages paſſe in time of Parlament, as ſwearing to the pantable, crowning with Cuſtords, paper whiffes to the ſleepers noſes, cutting of tagges, ſtealing of torches, *cum multis aliis* tell Blocke, what Blocke you haue caſt in the way of my Ladies content.

Ro. Block by the antiqiuity of your anceſtrie, I haue giuen your Lady not ſo much as the leaſt cauſe of diſlike, if ſhe be deſpleaſed at any newes I bring, it's more then I muſt blab.

Blo. Zounds theſe pages be ſo proude, they care not for an olde Seruingman, you are a ward and ſo, an Earle, and no more: you diſquiet our houſe that's the moſt: and I may be euen with thee that's the leaſt.

Enter the Ladie Faukenbridge.

La. What Blocke, what Blocke I ſay what doe you there?

Bloc. Making the young Lord merry maddame,

La. Go attend ỳ gate, ſee if you can let in more greiſe therat,

Blo. Zounds and greiſe come in there, and I ſee him once. Ile Coniure his gaberdine.

La. will you be gone ſir?

Blo. Hem, theſe women, theſe women, and ſhe bee not in loue eyther with Prince Richard or this lad, let blocks head be made a chopping blocke. *Exit Blocke.*

Rob. Faire Madam, what replye you to my ſiute,
The prince exceits ſmiles, welcomes, louing lookes,

La. The Prince, if he giue heed to Marrians ſute,
Muſt heare heart-ſigh's, ſee ſorrow in my eyes,
And finde cold welcome to calamities,

Rob. And why for gods ſake? *La.* Euen for Gloſters ſake,

Rob. why by mine honnor, and Prince Richards faith,
Your brother Gloſter ſhall haue liberty,
Vppon condition you releaſe a priſoner
That you haue longe held in captiuitye.

La. I haue no priſoner,

Ro. Yes a world of eies, your beuty in a willing bondage ties

La. Go to, you are diſpoſ'd to ieſt my Lord,

Rob. In

called Looke about you.

Rob. In earneſt I muſt be an earneſt ſuter
To you for loue, yet you muſt be my tuter.
La. Are you in loue? *Rob.* I dearely loue Prince Richard.
La. Then doe you loue the louelieſt man aliue.
The Princelieſt perſon of King Henties ſonnes,
Rob. I like this well.
La. he is vertuous in his minde. his body faire,
His deeds are Iuſt, his ſpeaches debonaire,
Rob. Better and better ſtill.
La. In deed he is what no body can denye.
All louely, beautie all, all Maieſtie.
Rob. Ile tell his excelence what you reporte,
No doubt he will be very thankfull, for't,
La. Nay heare you young Lord? Gods pitty ſtaye.
Rob. What haue you more in Richards praiſe to ſay?
La. I haue ſaid to much if you miſconſter me.
Dutie bids praiſe him, not vnchaſtitie.
Rob. Vnchaſtitie holy heauens forfend it,
That he or I, or you ſhould once intend it,

Enter Blocke and Richard.

Blo. They are there ſir, cloſe at it, I leaue you ſir, the more
Roome the leſſe company.
Ric Drinke that, farwell,
Blo. If that ſir Richard comes, this ties, this bindes,
O golde, thy power conuerteth ſeruants mindes. *Exit.*
Rich. How now faire Maddam who hath angred you?
La. Greiſe at my brothers duraunce angers me. (you
Rich. I had thought my Ward young Huntington had vext
La. who he? alas good Gentleman he wrong'd me not.
No matter for all this, Ile tell your tale.

A noyſe within, Enter Skinke, Blocke, Conſtable.

Bls. Sir there comes no more of you in with him then the Conſtable. Zounds heares a beadroll of Billes at the gate indeed, back ye baſe
La. Now firra whats the matter?
Blo. Marry heares a ſtammerer taken clipping the Kings Engliſh, and the Conſtable and his watch hath brought him to you to be examin'd.

Const. No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Porters ſonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Gloſter ſent him to you.

Skin. I ff forſooth h he deſire you to ſpeake to the p Prince for him.

La. O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare,
Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

Skin. If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vuto.

Con. Madam, if you know this fellow we'll diſcharge him.

Bloc. Madam, and you be wiſe, truſt your honeſt neighbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and ſ ſee your ring deliuered.

Skin. A plague vpon you for a damned roge,
The Porter of the Fleete will ſurely know me.

La. Good neighbours bring this honeſt fellow thether,
Ther's for his paines a crowne, if he ſay true,
And for your labour ther's as much for you.

Skin. Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Porters ſonne.

La. Thou haſt no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

Skin. Beſt ſpeaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try
And face out Redcap if the ſlaue were by.

La. Make them drinke Blocke.

Blo. Come to the Buttery bar, ſtitty ſtitty ſtammerer, come honeſt Conſtable, hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke tryll ill I faith.

As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge ſtraine forward, Prince and Lady talking.

Rob. Lupus in fabula my Noble Lord,
See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

Bach. We'll fit him well enough, ſecond vs Robin.

La. Ile fit you well enough for all your hope, *Fau. beckens to Blocke.*

Fau. Leaue quaffing ſirra, liſten to their talke.

Bloc. O while you liue be ware, two are ſooner ſeene then one: beſides, beare a braine Maſter, if Block ſhould be now ſpide, my Madam would not truſt this ſconce neither in time

time nor tyde.

Fau. Well leaue me, now it buds; ſee ſee, they kiſſe.

Bloc. Adew good olde ſinner, you may recouer it with a ſallet of parſly, and the heatbe patience, if not ſir you knowe the worſt, it's but euen this.

Rich. Madam, what you deſire I not deny,
But promiſe Gloſters life and liberty,
I beg but loue.

Fau. When doth ſhe giue her almes?

La. Faire honourable Prince.

Fau. Nay then they ſpeed.

La. My ſoule hath your deſerts in good eſteeme.

Fau. Witneſſe theſe goodly times that grace my head.

La. But were you the ſole Monarch of the earth,
Your power were inſufficient to inuade,
My neuer-yeelding heart of chaſtity.

Fauk. Sayſt thou ſo Mall, I promiſe thee for this,
Ile owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kiſſe;
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,
I like it beſt when women will not flatter.

Rich. Nay but ſweet Lady.

Rob. Nay but gracious Lord, doe not ſo much forget your
Princely worth,
As to attempt vertue to vnchaſtity.

Fau. O noble youth!

Rob. Let not the Ladyes dead griefe for her brother,
Giue life to ſhameleſſe and deteſted ſinne.

Fau. Sweet childe.

Ro. Conſider that ſhe is of high decent.

Fau. Moſt vertuous Earle.

Rob. Wife to the nobleſt Knight that euer breath'd.

Fau. Now bleſſing on thee bleſſed Huntington.

Rob. And would you then firſt ſtaine your Princely ſtocke,
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chaſtitye,
And blemmiſh Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

Fau. By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in.

La. Beſides my gratious Lord.

Fa. Tickle him Mall, plague him on that ſide for his hot
La. how euer ſecretly great Princes ſin, deſire,
Fau. Oh now the ſpring ſhe'll doe it ſercretly.
La. The King of all harts will haue all ſyns knowne.
Fa. Ah then ſhe yeilds not.
Ric. Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith
Fau. He did but trie her, would ſhe haue bin tride
It had grone hard on this and on this ſide.
Rich. And ſince I ſee your vertue ſo confirm'd,
as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,
I vow in ſight of heauen neuer againe,
To mooue like queſtion but for loue, nay
Fau. My hart is eaſed, holde Blocke take vp my cloake.
Blo. And your cap to ſir.
Ric. Sir Richard?
Fau. What ſweet Prince welcome yfaith,
I ſee youth quickly get's the ſtarte of age;
But welcome welcome and young Huntington.
Sweet Robyn hude, honors beſt flowring bloome,
Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,
How cheates my loue, how fares my Marrian, hat
Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,
Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances.
Away away, tut let it paſſe ſweet girle,
Wee needs muſt haue his helpe about the Earle.
La. Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.
Rich. Sir Richard, firſt make ſute vnto my father,
Ile follow you to Courte and ſecond you,
Fau. Follow to Court, ha? then I ſmell a rat,
Its probable he'll haue about a gayne,
Long ſeige makes entraunce to the ſtrongeſt fort,
It muſt not be I muſt not leaue him heere,
Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,
Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you,
Rich. He's Ielious, but I muſt obſerue the tyme,
We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy
Till we returne, are you agreed to this?

Fau. Oh I

Fau. Oh I hee is an honourable youth,
Vertuuos and modeſt, Huntingtons right heyre.
His father Gilbert was the ſmoothſt fac't Lord
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce,
Rich. Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare,
Fau. Marrian farwell, wheres Blocke? open the gate,
Come Prince God ſend vs to proue fortunate? *Exeunt.*
La. why doe you ſtay ſir?
Rob. Madam as a Lidger to ſolicite for your abſent loue
La. Walk in the Garden I will follow you.
Ifaith Ifaith you are a noble wagge.
Rob. An honorable wag, and wagiſh Earle.
Euen what you will ſweet Lady I muſt beare,
Hoping of patience, profit will enſue.
That you will beare the Prince as I beare you.
La. Well ſaid well ſaid, Ile haue theſe toyes amended,
Goe, will you walke into the Garden ſir,
Rob. But will you promiſe me to bring no maides,
To ſet vppon my litle manſhip there?
You threatned whipping, and I am in feare,
La. Vppon my word Ile bring none but my ſelfe,
Rob. You ſee I am weapned, doe not I beſeech you,
Ile ſtab them come there twenty ere they breech mee. *Exit.*
La. This youth and Richard, think me eaſily wonne,
But Marrian rather will embrace;
The bony carcaſſe of diſmaying death,
Than proue vnchaſt to Noble Faukenbridge.
Richard's king Henries ſonne, is light,
Wanton and loues not humble modeſtie,
Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)
Flatter his humor for my brothers ſafetye,
But I proteſt Ile dwel among the dead,
Ere I pollute my ſacred nuptiall bed. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter in his gowne, calling

Glo. Porter what Porter wher's this drowſie aſſe?

Enter Porter,

Por. Who calles? my Lord of Gloſter all alone?

Glo. Alone

Glo. Alone and haue your wiſdomes companie,
Pray wher's the ſtammering chatterer your ſonne?
He's euer running but he makes ſmall haſte,
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,
And if he ſerue me thus a nother time. *Knocke within.*
Harke ſir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,
Let him vouchſafe to chatter vs ſome newes,
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber. *Exit porter.*
This Iohn and Henry are ſo full of hate,
That they will haue my head by ſome deuice,
Gloſter hath plotted meanes for an eſcape,
And if it fadge, why ſo; if not, then well,
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

Enter Porter and Skink.

Port. Why ſhould the Watchmen come along with thee?
Skin. Ther's ſuch a que queſtion for yon ſ ſame r rogue Skink p plague keepe farre enough from him, that a an honeſt f fellow ca cannot w w walke the ſtreetes.
Port. Well ſir diſpatch your buſines with the Earle,
He's angry at your ſtay I tell ye that. *Exit.*
Skin. Sbloud what a frowne this Gloſter caſtes at me,
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cuffes,
Such as he paide me at the Parlament.
Glo. What mutter you, what tydings from my ſiſter?
Ski. Co commendations and ſ ſhe hath ſ ſent ye this r ring.
Glo. Hold ther's two Angels, ſhut the chamber doore,
You muſt about ſome buſines for me ſtrayght,
Come nearer man,
Skin. I feare I am to neare,
Glo. Haſt thou no tydings for my liberty?
Skin. No b but ye ſh ſhall he heare ſ from her p p preſently.
Glo. And p preſently ſir off with your coate.
Nay quicke, vneaſe, I am bold to borrow it,
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.
Stutterer it's ſo, neare flinch, ye cannot paſſe,
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,
Quickly caſhyre your ſelfe, you ſee me ſtaye,
Skin. N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye?

Glo. To

Glo. To ſcape I hope, ſir with your priuiledge,
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?
Queene-Beldams minnion,
Skin. Zounds you ſee ri's I.
Glo. Tyme ſortes not now to know theſe miſteries.
How thou camſt by this ring, or ſtol'ſt this coate,
They are mine now in poſſeſſion, for which kindenes
If I eſcape Ile get thee Liberrie,
Or fire the fleete about the Wardens eares,
Mum budgit not a word as thou loueſt thy life,
Skin. I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,
My Lord, but that my ſtate is deſperate,
I deſee your eyes out eare I would be cheated.
Glo. Walke like an Earle villaine ſome are comming.

Enter Iohn and Porter.

Io. Where is this Gloſter?
Glo. Y y yonder he walks. Fa fa father, I let me out.
Port. Why whether muſt you now?
Glo. To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis ſuch a h h humorous Earle.
Port. Well ſir wilt pleaſe you haſten home againe.
Glo. I Ile be h heare in a trice; b but p praye haue ca care of th this madcap, if he g giue vs the ſſſlip, ſ ſ ſome of vs a are like to m make a ſ ſl ſlyppery occupation on't.

This while Iohn walkes and ſtalkes by Skinke, neuer a word betwene them.

Port. Looke to your buſines ſir let me alone.
Glo. Alone? neuer truſt me if I trouble thee.
Io. Mad Gloſter mute, all mirth turn'd to diſpaire?
Why now you ſee what tis to croſſe a King,
Deale againſt Princes of the Royall blood,
Youle ſnarle and rayle, but now your toung is bedry'd,
Come caper hay, ſet all at ſix and ſeauen,
What muſeſt thou with thought of hell or heauen?
Skin. Of neither Iohn I muſe at my diſgrace,
That I am thus kept priſoner in this place.
Io. O ſir, a number are here priſoners,
My Couſen Moorton whome I came to viſite,
But he good man is at his mortow maſſe,

But I that neither care to say nor sing,
Come to seeke that preaching hate and prayer,
And while they mumble vp their Orisons,
We'll play a game at bowles, what saist thou Gloster?
Skin. I care not if I doe, (our sportes,
Joh. You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for
Off with your gowne, there lies my hatt and Cloake,
The bowles there quickly, hee?
Skin. No my gowne stirres not, it keeps sorrowe warme,
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,
Enter Porter With bowles.
Jo. Yes ther's an axe must part your head and you,
And with your head, sorrowe will leaue your heart.
But come shall I begin? a pound a game,
Skin. More pounds and we thus heauy? well begin,
Joh. Rub rub rub rub.
Skin. Amen God send it short enough, and mee
A safe running with them clothes from thee.
Joh. Play Robin, run run run.
Skin. Far enough and well, flye one foote more,
Would I were halfe so far without the doore.
Enter Porter.
Joh. Now Porter whats the newes?
Por. Your Coossen Moorton humbly craues,
Leauing your game, you would come visit him,
Jo. Bowle Gloster Ile come presently.
So neere mad Robin? then haue after you,
Skin. Would I were gone, make after as you may,
Jo. Well sir tis yours, one all, throw but the Iacke
While I goe talke with Moorton: Ile not stay,
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play,
Skin. I would be sory Iohn but you should stay,
Vntill my bias run another way,
Now passe, and hey passe, Skink vnto your tricks,
Tis but a chaunce at hazard: there lyes Gloster,
and heare stands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part,
And if I scape Ile loue thee with my heart.
So porter let me foorth.
Enter Porter.
Por. God

Po. God bleſſe your grace, ye ſpoke with the L. Moorton,
Skin. I haue and muſt about his buſines to the Court.
It greeues me to break my ſporte with Gloſter,
The melancholy Earle is comfortleſſe,
Po. I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,
The Fleet is weary of his company, *Redcap knocks.*
Skin. Drink that, ſome knockes, I prethee let me out,
His head ſhall off ere long, neuer make doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn at the other doore.

Io. Now madcap thou winſt all, wher art thou Robyn?
Vncaſed: nay then he meanes to play in earneſt.
But wher's my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?
I holde my birth-right to a beggers ſcrip,
The baſterd is eſcaped in my cloathes.
Tis well, he left me his to walke the ſtreets,
Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,
Perchaunce he hides himſelfe to try my ſpleene,
Ile to his chamber, Gloſter? hallo Gloſter? *Exit.*

Enter Porter and Redcap.

Por. I wonder how thou camſt ſo ſtrangly chang'd?
Tis not an hower ſince thou went's from hence,
Red. By my Ch Ch Chriſtendome I ha haue not b b been h
heere this three nights, a p p plage of him, that made me ſuch
a ch chaunting, and ſſent me ſuch a Ia Ia Iaunt, blud I was ſt
ſtayd for Skinke, that ill fa fa fac'd rogue,
Port. I pray God there be no practiſe in this change.
Now I remember theſe are Skinkes cloathes,
That he wore laſt day, at the Parlament,

Knocke, Enter at another doore, Iohn in Gloſters gowne.

Io. Porter? you Porter?
Por. Doe you not heare them knock, you muſt ſtay ſir,
Io. Bloud I could eate theſe rogues.
Red. Wh wh what raw, tis a very ha ſh mo morſell,
Ne next your he heart
Io. A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter ſlaue?
Red. I haue been at g glauceſend ſir,
Ioh. What's that to me?
Red. And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

Io. And at the gallowes: zounds this frets my soule.

Red. But I e could not f finde your ſſ ſiſter the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge.

Io. You ſtammering ſlaue hence, chat among your Dawes, Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

Enter Porter.

Red. My f fa father.

Io. Porter? you damned ſlaue.

Port. Iſt Midſomer doe you begin to raue?

Iob. Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth. I would intreat your knaueſhip let me forth, For feare I daſh your branes out with the keyes, What is become of Gloſter and my garments?

Por. Alas in your apparrell Gloſters gone, I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

Iob. It was your practiſe, and to keepe me backe You ſent Iacke Daw your ſonne with ca ca ca, To tell a ſleueles tale: lay hould on him, To Newgate with him and you tut atut, Run redcap and trudge about, Or bid your fathers porterſhip farwell. *Exeunt with Porter.*

Red. He heares a go good Ie Ie Ieſt by the L Lord to mo mocke an ape with all: my fa fa father has brought his ho ho hoges to a fa fa faire m in market. Po po porter quoth you? p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them po po poſt me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I muſt ſſ ſeeke this Gl Gl Gloſter and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony catching ra ra raſcall, a pa paplauge co co confound him. R e re redcap muſt ru run he cannot tell whe whether. *Exit*

Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, on one hand of him Queene Elinor, on the other Leyceſter.

Hen. Mother and Leyceſter adde not oyle to fire, Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare The number leſſe perſwaſions you inſort,

Quee. O but my ſonne thy father fauours him. Richard that vile abortiue changling brat, And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.

They

They wooe for him, but intreat my ſonne
Gloſter may dye for this that he hath done,
Leic. If Gloſter liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne,
Quee. If Gloſter liue thy mother dies in moane,
Ley. If Gloſter liue Leyſter will flie the realme,
Quee. If Gloſter liue thy kingdome's but a dreame,
Hen. Haue I not ſworne by that eternall arme
That puts iuſt vengance ſword in Monarcks hands,
Gloſter ſhall die for his preſumption?
What needs moreconiuration gratious Mother?
And honorable Leyſter marke my words.
I haue a Bedrole of ſome threeſcore Lords,
Of Gloſters faction,
Quee. Nay of Henries faction.
Of thy falſe fathers faction, ſpeake the truth,
He is the head of factions; were he downe:
Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.
Ley. I ther's the But; whoſe hart-white if we hit,
The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,
At Gloſter, Lancaſter, Cheſter, Faukenbridge,
But he is the vpſhot.
Quee Yet begin with Gloſter.
Hen. The deſtenies run to the booke of Fates,
And read in neuer-changing Characters
Robert of Gloſters end he dies to day,
So fate, ſo heauen, ſo doth King Henry ſay.
Quee. Emperially reſoul'd. *Trumpets far off,*
Leic. The olde King comes,
Quee. Then comes Luxurious luſt,
The King of Concubines, the King that ſcornes
The vndefiled, chaſt and numptiall bed,
The King that hath his Queene Impriſoned.
For my ſake ſcorne him, ſonne call him not father,
Giue him the ſtile of a competitor,
Hen. Pride ſeaze vppon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes,
Sit lawfull maieſtie vppon my front
Durie flie from me, pitty bee exild,
Sences forget that I am Henries child,

Quee I kiſſe thee, and I bleſſe thee, for this thought.

Enter King, Lancaſter, Richard, Faukenbridge.

Kin. O Lancaſter bid Henry yeeld ſome reaſon
Why he deſires ſo much the death of Gloſter,
Hen. I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.
I doe deſire the death of Baſterd Gloſter,
For that he ſpends the Treaſure of the Crowne.
I doe deſire the death of baſterd Gloſter,
For that he doth deſire to pull me downe.
Or were this falſe (I purpoſe to be plaine)
He loues thee, and for that I him diſdaine.
Hen. Then thou ſheweſt a hate corrupted mynde,
To him the more vniuſt, to me vnkynd,
Quee He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.
Kin. Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.
I thought thou hadſt been long ſince ſcarlet dyde,
Hen. She is and therfore cannot change her colour.
Rich. You are to ſtrickt, Earle Gloſters fault
Merrits not death,
Fau. By th'rood the Prince ſaies true.
Heere is a ſtatute from the Confeſſor,
Hen. The Confeſſor was but a ſimple foole.
Away with bookes my word ſhall be a lawe,
England her breath ſhall from this boſome drawe,
Gloſter ſhall die,
Ley. Let Gloſter dye the death. (him and thee.
Lan. Leyſter he ſhall not, he ſhall haue lawe, diſpight of
Hen. What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe?
Ric. His right handes loſſe, and that is ſuch a loſſe,
As England may lament, all Chriſtians weepe.
That hand hath bin aduanſt againſt the Moores,
Driuen out the Saraſins from Gads and Cicile,
Fought fifteene Battels vnder Chriſts red croſſe,
And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious loſſe,
That for a ſlaue (and for no other harme)
It ſhould be ſundred from his princely Arme?
Fau. More for example Noble Lancaſter, but tis great pitty,
To to great a pittie.

Hen. Ile

He. Ile haue his hand & head. *Ri.* Thou ſhalt haue mine thē.
Que. Wel ſayd ſtubberne Dicke, Iack wold not ſerue me ſo,
Were the boy heere:
Ric. Both Iohn and I haue ſeru'd your will too long;
Mother repent your cruelty and wrong:
Gloſter you know is ful of mirth and glee,
And neuer elſe did your grace iniury.
Qu. Gloſter ſhal dye. *He.* Fetch him heere Ile ſee him dead.
Ric. He that ſturs for him ſhall lay downe his head.
Fau. O quiet good my Lords, patience I pray,
I thinke he comes vnſent for by my fay.

Enter Iohn in Gloſters gowne.

Ric. What meanſt thou Gloſter? *He.* Who brought Gloſter (hyther?
Io. Let Gloſter hang and them that
There lyes his caſe, a miſchiefe on his carkaſſe.
Qu. My deare ſonne Iacke? (your aſſe, your gull.
Io. Your deere ſon Iack an apes, your mōkey, your babone,
Ley. What ayles Earle Iohn? *Io.* Hence further frō my ſight,
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand;
Ile curſe ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,
If you ſtand wondring at my ſorrow thus;
I am with childe, big, hugely ſwolne with rage,
Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs aſwage?
Kin. I will my Sonne. *Hen.* I will high harted brother.
Io. You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,
Twill out, twill out, my ſelfe my ſelfe can eaſe:
You chaſe, you ſwell, ye are commaunding King,
My father is your footeſtoole when he pleaſe,
Your word's a law, theſe Lordes dare neuer ſpeake,
Gloſter muſt dye, your enemies muſt fall.
Hen. What meanes our brother?
Ioh. He meanes that thou art mad ſhe franticke, Leyſter (ſooliſh
I the babe, theſe grinde vs, bite vs, vexe vs, charge,
And diſcharge. Gloſter, O Gloſter!
Que. Where is Gloſter ſonne? *Hen.* Where is Glo. brother?
Kin. I hope he be eſcaped.
Io. O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vpon the
Solide earth, dig into Gloſters graue, ſo he were dead
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds.

Or

Or get ſeditious hundreth thouſand hands,
And like Briareus, battle with the Starres,
To pull him downe from heauen if he were there,
Fau. Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.
Ie. O who would not be mad at this diſgrace?
Gloſter the fox is fled, there lies his caſe,
He couſned me of myne, the porter helpt him,
Hen. The porter ſhall be hangd let's part and ſeeke him,
Gloſter ſhall dye all Europe ſhall not ſaue him.
Io. He is wiſe, too wiſe for vs, yet Ile goe with you,
To get more fooles into my company.
Quee. This is your fathers plot, reuenge it ſonne.
Hen. Father by heauen if this were your aduice,
Your head or heart ſhall pay the bitter price,
Come mother, Brother, Leyſter, lets away,
Io. I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the baſterd,
And then no more my ſelfe will be his headſman. *Exeunt.*
Kin. Richard and Faukenbridge follow theſe arch,
You may preuent miſchaunce by meeting Gloſter,
If ye finde Skinke ſee that you apprehend him,
I heare there is a wizard at blacke heath,
Let ſome enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,
Although I truſt not to thoſe fallacies,
Yet now and then ſuch men prooue Soothſayers.
Will you be gone?
Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord,
Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.
Pray God there be no miſtery in this.
Rich. Be not ſuſpitious where there is no cauſe,
Fau. Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in ieſt. *Exeunt.*
Kin. Call in a Purſeuant.
Lan. Heares one my Leidge,
Kin. There is a Porter likely to be hangd,
For letting Gloſter ſcape, ſirra attend,
You ſhall haue a repreiue to bring him vs,
Theſe boys are to to ſtubborne Lancaſter,
But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus ſhe moue me,
Ile haue her head though all the world reproue me. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Robin Hood and Lady Faukenbridge.

La. Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.
Rob. My Lord will misse me.
La. Tut let me excuse thee.
Rob. Turne woman, O it is intollerable!
Except you promise me to play the Page:
Doe that, try one night, and you'll laugh for euer,
To heare the Orizons that Louers vse;
Their ceremonious sighes, their idle oathes,
To heare how you are prais'd and pray'd vnto.
For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary
The blessed Virgin, but vpon his beades
He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.
La. The more his error, but will you agree
To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?
Rob. When ist?
La. On Munday.
Rob. Wherefore ist?
La. Nay then you doe me wrong with inquisition.
And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.
Thou seest my husband full of iealousie,
Prince Richard in his sute importunate,
My brother Gloster threatned by young Henry;
To cleare these doubtes, I will in some disguise,
Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,
Whose wisedome in fore-telling things to come,
Will let me see the issue of my cares.
If destinyes ordaine me happines,
Ile chase these mistes of sorrow from my heart,
With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,
It, and my frends, must suffer misery,
Yet Ile be merry too, till mischeese come.
onely I long to knowe the worst of ill.
Rob. Ile once put on a scarlet countenaunce.
La. Be wary least ye be discouered Robyn.
Rob. Best paint me then, be sure I shall not blush.

Enter Black bleeding, Gloster with him.

Bla. Beate an Officer, Redcap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help,
Glo. Peace you damned rogue.
La. Brother I pray you forbeare.
Glo. Zwonds a hundreth at my heales almoſt,
And yet the villaine ſtands on complaiment.
Bloc. A bots one you, iſt you?
Glo. Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,
Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;
If any knocke let them not in in haſte.
Bloc. Well Ile doe as I ſee cauſe, blood thou art deare to me, but heere's a ſoueraigne plaiſter for the ſore: golde healeth wounds, golde eaſeth heartes: what can a man haue more? *Exit.*
La. Deare brother, tell vs how you made eſcape?
Glo. You ſee I am heare, but if you would knowe how:
I cannot ſcape and tell the manner too,
By this I knowe your howſe is compaſſed
With hel-hound ſearch.
La. Brother Ile furniſh you with beard & hayre, and
Garments like my husband, how like you that? *Exit. Lady.*
Glo. Well, when I haue them: quicklythen diſpatch: sblood turne gray beard and hayre?
Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,
Myrth is the obiect of my humorous ſpleane,
Thou high commaunding furie! further deuice,
Ieſts are conceated, I long to ſee their birth,
What come ye ſiſter? Robyn a theeues hand,
But prethee where hadſt thou this beard and haire?
La. Prince Richard wore them hether in a maſke,
Glo. Saiſt thou me ſo, faith loue the Princely youth,
Tut you muſt taſt-ſtolne pleaſure now and than,
Rob. But if ſhe ſteale and Iehous eyes eſpie:
She will be ſure condemnd of Burglary,
Glo. Ha crake? can your low ſtumps venter ſo deep
Into affections ſtreame? go to you wanton,
What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,
So now no Gloſter, but olde Faukenbridge,

Harke

called Looke about you.

Harke, the ſearch knockes, Ile let them in my ſelfe;
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what iſt you lacke?

Enter Redcap with another.

Red. Ma maſter Co conſtable, ſe ſe ſearch you th that way, a and you ho honeſt man th that way. Ile ru run th this way m my owne ſe ſelfe. *They diſpearſe themſelues.*

Glo. What ſearch you for? what is it you would haue?

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam, what ſhall I doe to theſe browne-bill fellowes? ſome runne into the wine ſeller, ſome heere, ſome there.

Glo. Let them alone, let them ſearch their filles.

Block. Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

Glo. Doe ſo good Blocke, be carefull honeſt Blocke.

B. Sir ſtammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa paſt iſaith. *Exit*

Gl. Will you not ſpeake knaues, tel me who you ſeeke?

Rea. Ma mary ſir we ſ ſeeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue. my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po Popes owne b brother, I would ſſearch f f ſor him; for I haue a p poore father r ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

Glo. O tis for Gloſter! mary ſearch a gods name,
Seeke peace, will he breake priſon too?
It's pitty he ſhould liue, nay I defye him.
Come looke abour, ſearch euery little corner,
My ſelfe will lead the way, pray you come,
Seeke, ſeeke, and ſpare not, though it be labour loſt:
He comes not vnder my roofe, heare ye wife,
He comes not hyther, take it for a warning.

Red. You ſp ſp ſpeake like an honeſt ge ge Gentleman, re re reſt you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleeue h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water ſide. *Exeunt running.*

Glo. This fellow is of the humour I would chuſe my wife,
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and ſo
Muſt I: Siſter adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

La. Can ye not ſtay heere ſafe?

Glo. No, Ile not truſt the changing humours of olde Fauken-
Adieu yong Earle, Siſter lets kiſſe and part; (bridge,
Tuſh, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart. *Exit.*

La. Fare well all comfort.

Ro. What weeping Lady?
Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blacke-heath.

La. No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

Ro. Till Munday Madam I muſt take my leaue.

La. You will not miſſe then:

Rob. Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of faire Lady.

La. Meane while Ile ſpend my time in prayers & teares,
That Gloſter may eſcape theſe threatned feares. *Exit.*

Enter Skinke like Prince Iohn.

Skin. Thus iets my noble Skinke along the ſtreetes,
To whom each bonnet vailes, and all knees bend;
And yet my noble humour is too light,
By the ſixe ſhillings: heere are two crackt groates
To helter skelter, at ſome vawting houſe.
But who comes yonder? ha, olde Faukenbridge?
Hath a braue chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,
That chaine were mine, and ſhould vnto Black-heath.
Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.
Good morrow good ſir Richard Faukenbridge.

Fau. Good morrow my ſweet prince, harty good morrow,
This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it,
Better iwis then ſtrife and Iangling.
Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes?
Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

Skin. Yes I am plodding forward as you doe;
What coſt your chaine? it's paſſing ſtrongly wrought,
I would my Golde-ſmith had a patterne of it.

Fau. Tis at your graces ſeruice, ſhew it him.

Skin. Then dare ye truſt me?

Fau. Who the Princely Iohn?
My Soueraignes ſonne, why what a queſtion's that?
Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare truſt you.

Skin. Ile

called Looke about you.

Ske Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuſe my abſence.

Fau. I wil my noble Lord, adieu ſweet Prince. *Exit.*

Skin. Why ſo, this breakfaſt was wel fed vpon,
When Skinkes deuiſes on Blacke-heath doo faile,
This and ſuch cheates, would ſet me vnder ſaile.
Ile to the water ſide, would it were later,
For ſtil I am afraide to meete Prince Iohn.

Enter Gloſter like Faukenbridge.

But what a miſchiefe meant Faukenbridge
To come againe ſo ſoone? that way he went,
And now comes peaking; vpon my life
The buzzard hath me in ſuſpitition,
But whatſoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a ſhare.

Glo. Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,
Ther's naught but Gloſter Gloſter in their mouthes;
I am halfe ſtrangled with the Garlicke breath,
Of raſcals that exclaimes as I paſſe by,
Gloſter is fled, once taken he muſt dye.
But Ile to Iohn, how does my gratious Lord?
What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloſter?

Skin. What newes could I heare ſince you left me laſt?
Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,
I thinke you dote. (pretty accident,

Glo. Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a
Ile haue't and be but in the ſpight of Iohn.

Skin. Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go. *He breaks*
This ſame ſhal keep me in ſome Tauerne merry, *the chaine.*
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare ſky.

Fau. My ſweet Prince, I haue ſome cauſe to vſe my chaine,
Another time (when ere your Lordſhip pleaſe)
Tis at your ſeruice, ô mary God it is.

Skin. Heere palſie, take your chaine, ſtoop and be hang'd,
Yet the fiſh nibled, when ſhe might not ſwallow;
Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow. *Exit.*

Glo. He's gone away in frets, would he might meete
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,
My braine flowes with freſh wit and pollicy.

But Gloſter looke about, who haue we yonder?
Another Iohn Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe?
Vpon my life, the ſlaue that had the chaine,
Was Skinke, eſcapt the Fleete by ſome mad ſleight,
Wel, farewel he, better and better ſtill,
Theſe ſeeke for me, yet I wil haue my will.
Io. Shiriffe, in any caſe be diligent.
Whoſe yonder, Faukenbridge?
Glo. How now ſweet chucke, how fares my louely Prince?
Io. What careſt thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.
Glo. Gods mother doe you ſcorne me?
Io. Gout, what then?
Rich. Fye, leaue theſe idle braules. I prethee Iohn
Lets follow that we are imoyn'd vnto.
Glo. I mary Prince, if now you ſlip the time,
Gloſter wil ſlip away; tut though he hate me
I haue done ſeruice, I haue found him out.
Ric. A ſhame confound thee for thy treachery,
Inconſtant dotard, tymerous olde aſſe,
That ſhakes with cowardiſe not with yeares.
Glo. Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him.
Io. O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,
Forgiue my oft ill vſing of thine age,
Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,
Bring me where Gloſter is Ile be thy ſlaue,
All that is mine, thou in reward ſhalt haue.
Glo. Soft, not too haſty, I would not be ſeene in't,
Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,
If Gloſter by my meanes ſhould looſe his head.
Princely Richard at this corner make your ſtand:
And for I know you loue my ſiſter well,
Know I am Gloſter and not Faukenbridge.
Ric. Heauen proſper thee ſweet Prince in thy eſcape.
Glo. Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard,
Iohn, ſtay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,
By Thomas I lacke a ſwoord, body a me.
Io. What wouldſt thou with a ſwoord olde Faukenbridge?
Glo. O ſir to make ſhew in his defence,

For

ealled Looke about you.

For I haue left him yonder at a houſe
A friends of mine, an honeſt Cittizen.
Io. Wee'll fetch him thence.
Glo. Nay then you iniure me, ſtay till he come; he's in a ruſ-
And muſt attend me like a Seruingman. (ſet cloake
Io Holde ther's my ſwoord, and with my ſwoord my heart,
Bring him for Godſake, and for thy deſert,
My brother King and mother Queene ſhall loue thee.
Glo. Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,
I goe afore and Gloſter followes me;
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,
Begin you firſt, ſeaze Gloſter and arreſt him;
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not,
Io. Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,
I loue thee, but thou kilſt me with delay.
Glo. Wel keep cloſe watch, ile bring him preſently.
Io. Away then quickly.
Gl. Gloſter, cloſe maſter Shiriffe, Prince Richard,
Ri. Gloſte radieu. *Glo.* I truſt you.
Rich. By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true. *Exit Gloſter.*
Ioh. Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;
And the firſt offring ſhal be Gloſters head,
Thy Alters ſhal be ſprinkled with the bloud,
Whoſe wanton current his mad humour fed;
He was a rymer and a Ridler,
A ſcoffer at my mother, prayſ'd my father,
Ile fit him now for al, eſcape and all.
Ric. Take heede ſpight burſt not in his proper gall.

Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Io. How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?
That is not Gloſter ſure that attends on him.
Fau. He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow maſſe,
I ſought the Goldſmithes rowe and found him not;
Sirra, y'are ſure he ſent not home my chaine?
Blo. Who ſhould ſend your chaine ſir?
Fau. The Prince, Prince Iohn I lent it him to day.
Io. What's this they talke?

Bloc. By

Blo. By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may goe look it for one of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde me euen now, that he had tooke vp a chamber there till euening, and then he will away to Kent.

Fau. Body of me, he meanes to ſpend my chaine,
Come Blocke Ile to him.

Iob. Heare you Faukenbridge?

Fau. Why what a knaue art thou? younders Prince Iohn.

Bl. Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was at the Salutation.

Io. Wheres Gloſter Faukenbridge?

Fau. Sweet Prince I knowe not.

Iob. Come, ieſt not with me, tell me where he is?

Fau I neuer ſaw him ſince the Parlament.

Io. Impudent lyar, didſt thou not euen now
Say thou woldſt fetch him? hadſt thou not my ſword?

Fau. Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye,
Thy ſword? no boy, thou ſeeſt this ſword is myne.

Blo. My Maſter a lyer? Zounds wert thou a potentate,

Fau, I ſcorne to weare thy armes vntutred childe,
I fetch thee Gloſter? ſhameleſſe did I ſee thee
Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes,
Thou borrowedſt my gold chaine?

Io. Thy chaine?

Fau. I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

Io. Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me
With any chaine.

Fau. Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach you to out face.

Blo. Come, come, come, but one at once, ye daſterds come

Rich. Keepe the Kings peace, I ſee you are both deceau'd,
He that was laſt heare, was not Faukenbridge.

Fau. They ſlaunder me, who ſayes that I was heare?

Ric. Wee doe beleeue ye ſir; nor doe you thinke
My brother Iohn deceiu'd you of a chayne.

Fau. He did, I did deliuer it with this hand.

Iob. Ile dye vpon the ſlanderer,

Fau. Let the boy come.

called Looke about you.

Blo. I, let him come, let him come.

Ric. Fellow, thou ſpakſt euen now, as if Prince Iohn
Had byn at ſome olde Tauerne in the towne.

Blo. I ſir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,
And a drawer that doth not vſe to lye, tolde me
Prince Iohn hath byn there all this after noone.

Ioh. The Deuill in my likeneſſe then is there.

Fau. The Deuill in thy likeneſſe or thy ſelfe,
Had my gold chaine.

Ioh. Thou art the Deuill, for thou
Hadſt my good ſword, all theſe can witneſſe it.

Fau. Gods Mother thou belyſt mee.

Ioh. Giue me the lye?

Rich. Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,
Or one, or both, theſe counterfeites are there.

Fau. I know him well enough that had my chaine,
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,
Ber Lady, I will lay him faſt.

Rich. It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleeue.

Ioh. Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloſter;
Who if I be ſo happy once to finde,
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

Rich. I hope he's far enough, and free enough:
Yet theſe conſeytes I know delight his ſoule.

Fau. Followe me Blocke, follow me honeſt Blocke.

Blo. Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in hand; I heare ſay Redcaps father ſhall bee hanged this after noone, Ile ſee him ſlip a ſtring though I giue my ſeruice the ſlip; beſide my Lady bad me heare his examination at his death: Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and as I like it, ſet out a moornefull Dittie to the tune of Labandalaſhot, or rowe wel ye Marriners, or ſomwhat as my muſe ſhall me inuoke. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter like Faukenbridge with a Purſeuant, Gloſter hauing a paper in his hand, the Purſeuant bare.

Glo. A charytable deed, God bleſſe the King,
He ſhall be then repreeued.

Pur. I ſir, ſome day or two, till the young King and Prince

Iohn chaunge it, especially if the good Earle bee not found which God forbid.

Glo. What house is this that wee are stept into to read this warrant in?

Pur. A Tauerne sir, the Salutation.

Glo. A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

Pur. Drawer?

Dra. Anan sir.

Glo. A pint of thy best Sacke my pretty youth.

Dra. God blesse your worship sir, ye shal haue the best in London sir.

Gl. What knowst thou me? knowst thou old Faukenbridge?
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

Draw. But my Master hath taken many a faire pound of your man Blocke; he was heere to day sir, and fild two bottles of nippitate sacke.

Glo. Well, fill vs of your nippitate sir,
This is well chaunct, but heere ye boy?
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,
Shall make the Pursuant first swound, then sicke.
Thou honest fellow what's thy name?

Pur. My name is Winterborne sir.

Glo. What countryman I prethee?

Pur. Barkeshire and please ye.

Glo. How long hast thou bin sworne a messenger?

Pur. But yesterday and please your worship,
This is the First imployment I haue had.

Enter Drawer with wine and Suger.

Glo. A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;
Thou art my fellow now thou seruest the King,
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

He drinkes and falles ouer the stoole.

Dra. O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

Glo. What a forgetfull beast am I? peace boy,

called Looke about you.

It is his faſhion euer when he drinkes.
Fellow he hath the falling ſickenes,
Run fetch two cuſhions to rayſe vp his head,
And bring a little Key to ope his teeth. *Exit Drawer.*
Purſeuant, your warrant and your boxe,
Theſe muſt with me, the ſhape of Faukenbridge
Will holde no longer water heere about.
Gloſter wil be a proteus euery houre,
That Elinor and Leyſter, Henry, Iohn,
And all that rabble of hate louing curres,
May miniſter me more mirth to play vpon.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. Heer's a key ſir, and one of our folke to help.
Glo. No matter for a key, help him but in,
And lay him by the fire a little while,
He'll wake immediatly, but be hart ſicke,
Ther's money for a candle and thy wine,
Ile goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,
And come downe preſently to comfort him. *Exeunt*
Within Ski. Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance Dra.
Within Dra, Speake in the Crowne there.

Enter Skinke like Prince Iohn.

Skin. They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,
Skinke tho'art betraide, that maſter Faukenbridge
Miſſing ſome of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.
Drawer? what Drawer?
Dra. Anan, anan ſir.
Ski. Was not ſir Richard Faukenbridge below?
Dra. Yes and pleaſe yee.
Skin. It does not pleaſe me wel, knowes he that I am heere?
Dra. No I proteſt.
Ski. Come hether firra, I haue little money,
But ther's ſome few linkes of a chayne of golde:
Vpon your honeſty knowes not ſir Richard,
That I am heere?
Dra. No by my holydam.
Skin. Who's that was with him?
Dra. Why a Purſeuant.

Skin. Where is ſir Richard?

Dra. At the Aldermans.

Skin. A Purſeuant and at the Aldermans.
What Pyg, or Gooſe, or Capon haue you kill'd,
Withing your Kitchin new?

Dra. A pyg new ſtickt,

Skin. Fetch me a ſawcer of the bloud, quicke run; *Exit.*
Ile fit the Purſeuant, and Alderman,
And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.
Well Gloſter, I did neuer loue thee yet,
But th'art the maddeſt Lord that ere I met,
If I ſcape this, and meete thee once againe,
Curſſe Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. O my Lord the houſe is full of holberts, and a great many Gentlemen aske for the roome where Prince Iohn is?

Skin. Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the next roome.
Betray'd, ſwounds betray'd, by gout, by palſie, by dropſie;
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake
And my hat to thy ſhare, when I come from Kent, ile pay
Thee like a King.

Dra. I thanke you my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn, Richard. Faukenbridge, Shiriffes and Officers.

Skin. Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a Prince as yee ſay ye are, yee would bee aſhamed to abuſe a poore ſeruant thus, but and if you were not of the bloud Royall, Idé breake the necke of yee downe the ſtayres, ſo would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentiſes.

Ri. Who hurt thee fellow?

Skin. Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

Joh. Gloſter I hope.

Ri. I doubt nor but it's Skinke.

Io. Where is he?

Skin. Vp them ſtayres, take heede of him.
He's in the Crowne.

Fau. Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee ſhrewdly.

Jo. In recompence, if it be him I ſeeke,

Ile

Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,
Keep the ſtayres Shiriffes, you ſee it waxeth darke,
Take heede he ſlip not by you. *Exeunt*

Ski. Hange your ſelues, this darkenes ſhal conuay me out,
Ile ſwim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath, (of doors
London farewell, curſe Iohn, raue Faukenbridge,
Skinke ſcapes you all by twy lights priuyledge.

Within. Where is he? lights, bring lights, drag out that boy.

Enter all with the boy.

Io. This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloſter.

Dra. I know not who twas ſir, he ſaid he was Prince Iohn, he tooke away my aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al to bloudied his head and face.

Fau. We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

Io. The fire of S. Anthony confound
This changing counterfeit whatſoeuer he be.

Rich. It makes me laugh at enuious greedines,
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes.
Ioh. Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,
What other copeſmates haue you in the houſe?

Draw. Sir, my Maiſters geſſe be none of my copeſmates,

Io. Well your geſſe, can ye geſſe who they be?

Draw. Marry heere's a purſeuant, that this Gentleman ſir Richard Faukenbridge left ſick euen now.

Fau. Marry of God dyd I, thou lying knaue?

Dra. I am a poore boy ſir, your worſhip may ſay your pleaſure, our maides haue had a foule hand with him, you ſaid he would be ſicke: ſo he is with a witneſſe.

Ioh. Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,
You haue ſome euill Angell in your ſhape,
Goe ſirra, bring vs foorth that Purſeuant?

Enter two leading the Purſeuant ſicke.

Rich. Gloſter, thou wilt be too too venterous,
Thou dooſt delight in thoſe odde humeurs ſo,
That much I feare they'll be thy ouerthrowe. *aſide.*

Pur. O O O not too faſt; O I am ſicke, O very ſicke.

Io. What picture of the peſtilence is this?

Pur. A poore man ſir, a poore man ſir: downe I pray yee, I pray let me ſit downe. A ſir Richard, ſir Richard, a good ſir Richard: what haue I deſerv'd to be thus dealt with all at your worſhips hands? a ha, ah, ah.

Fau. At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue?

Dra. And I ſhould be brought to my booke oath ſir:

Within. What Ieffrey?

Dra. Anan, anan.

Ioh. A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey?

Dra. I and't pleaſe you ſir.

Rich. Why gentle Ieffrey then ſtay you awhile,
What can you ſay, if you come to your booke?

Dra. If I bee poſ'd vpon a booke ſir, though I bee a poore prentiſe, I muſt ſpeake the truth, & nothing but the truth ſir.

Io. And what's your truth ſir?

Pur. O, O my heart.

Dra. Mary ſir this Knight, this man of worſhip.

Fau. Well, what of me? what did my worſhip doe?

Dra. Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre, with this honeſt man as I take it.

Fau. As thou tak'ſt it?

Pur. O ſir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

Dra. And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke (Ile bee poſ'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and ſhut) as any is in all Chriſtendome.

Fau. Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

Pur. O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

Ioh. Well forward ſirra.

Ric. Gloſter hath done this ieſt.

Dra. And you call'd then for Suger ſir, as good Suger and as wholſome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke to this man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no ſooner drunke:

Pur. But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

Rich. I cannot chuſe but ſmile at theſe conſeites.

Io. I am mad, and yet I muſt laugh at Faukenbridge: Brother, looke how ſir Richard actes his rage?

Fau. I

called Looke about you.

Fau. I came? I call? the man is like to dye,
Practiſe by th'emaſſe, practiſe by the marry God,
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife,
I ſhall be charg'd heere, for a poyſned knaue,
Practiſe by th'Lord, practiſe I ſee it cleare.

Pur. And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard,

Fa. What more? what haſt thou more? what practiſe more?

Pur. O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,
O my box, it coſt me, O Lord euery penny O, my box,

Rcib. And what of your box ſir.

Dra. Mary ſir it's loſt, & tis wel knowne my Maſter keeps
no theeues in his houſe, O there was none but you and he.

Fau. O then belike thou thinkeſt I had his box,

Pur. O ſir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you
for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King
ſignd to repreeue the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

Iob. The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king ſignd,

Pur. I my good Lord, oh, oh,

Io. Is he repreiued then?

Pur. No my Lord, O ſir Richard tooke it from me with his
owne hand, O.

Fau. Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd,
Princes and Shiriffe, you can witneſſe with me,
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,
Onely with you, with no body but you,
And now a fellow whome the King would ſaue,
By a repreiue, this fellow ſayes is hang'd,

Io. If thou hadſt done it, Ide haue iuſtified it,
But Richard I conceipt this ieſt already,
This mad mate Skinke, this honeſt merry knaue,
Meeting this Purſeuant, and hearing tell
He had a warrant to repreeue a ſlaue,
Whome we would hang: ſtole it away from him.
This is ſure the Ieſt, vpon my liſe it is,

Pur. O but my warrant, how ſhall I doe? O,

Ric. But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,
And I beleeue you'l finde it otherwiſe,

Gloſter

Gloſter hath got the warrant in diſguiſe,
And ſau'd the fellow you ſo faine would hang.
Jo. No, no, how ſay you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?
Shi. My Lord, the gibbet was ſet vp by noone
In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,
If I returne not, though it were by Torch light,
To ſee him executed ere they come.
Jo. I am greedy to heare newes.
Fau. Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a ſwoord,
Accuſ'd of poyſoning, couſonage, ſeeking bloud?
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.
Rich. Sir Richard, I prethee haue ſome patience.
Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,
It is intollerable, not to be borne.
Io. It is intollerable not to be borne,
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?
Fau. I ſaw no warrant, I defie you all.
Jo. A ſlaue, a Purſeuant, one winter borne.
Fau. I care not for thee that winter borne.
Pur. O it is I ſir, that's my warrant.
Io. Iſt you? you rogue, you drunkerd; ye are cheated,
And we are cheated of the priſoner,
Out dog, dog.
Pur. O ô ô ô my Lord. *Exit and Drawer.*
Shi. Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy ſearch.
Ioh. Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my ſight,
O would I were a Baſiliske, to kill
Theſe gleare ey'd villaines.
Shir. Come away let's leaue him, *Exeunt Shiriffes*
We haue a warrant let him doe his worſt. *and Officers.*
Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,
There ſhall I Knowe not onely theſe deceiuers,
But how my wife playes faſt and looſe with Richard.
Ha, I ſhall fit them, Ile tickle them,
Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine, *Exit.*
Iph. There ſhall I know, where this damned Gloſter is,
Ile haue the Deuils rouſ'd to finde that Deuill,
Or elſe Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.

Ile

Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends conſpire,
But Ile haue Gloſters head my hearts deſire.

Rich. Would mad Earle Robyn ſaw theſe humouriſtes.
Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold fit him,
Where euer he is, I knowe the bare conſaite
Is better to him than his daintieſt foode,
Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,
To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leyſure,
Loue I emplore thy aide faire Cipria,
Thou ſea-borne mother at affections ring,
Shine brightly in thy ſphere, that at my ſtarre,
My plannet thou of all lights moſt beautious,
Be thou to my deſires Auſpitious. *Exit.*

Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges gowne, night attire on his head.

Rob. O for this Lady, was neuer poore Gentleman troubled with Gentlewoman as I am with my ſelfe, my Lady Faukenbridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I am viſited with fleeueleſſe errands and with asking for this thing Madam and that thing Madam, that they make me almoſt mad in earneſt, whoop heer's another Client.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to ſpeake with your Ladyſhip.

Rob. I pray ye bid her Lordſhips Page come into my Ladyſhip: well Robin Hood, part with theſe petticoates,
And caſt theſe looſe deuices from thy backe,
Ile nere goe more vntruſt, neuer bee kercheft.
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam my Lady greets your honour kindely,
And ſends you the firſt grapes of her young vine.

Rob I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for you to drinke; ſet them vp till after ſupper. Humphery, pray looke about for Blocke. Humphery? truſt mee I thinke the foole be loſt.

Pa. No forſooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Ieſting with a ſtammerer, one Redcap.

Rob. It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile giue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your Lady, I pray ye hartily. *Exit Page*

Humphrey, I maruell where sir Richard is so late? truely, truely hee does not as beseemes a gentleman of his calling, pray let some goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and send in that blockehead Blocke. *Exit Humphrey.*

Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.

Bloc. Wil ye tel tales ye asse, will ye?

Red. Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we were ha hang'd elsse, as my fa father should haue bin.

Rob. Now what's the matter there I pray you? what company haue you there a gods name? where spend you the day I pray?

Bloc. Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was, no farther.

Red. A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glosters sister.

Rob. I am so fellow.

Red. Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f f floute m me, a and er cries r run Re Redcap ad f f see your f f father ha ha hang'd. I sh shal g go neere to m make m murder and he v vse it.

Rob. Wel sirra, leaue your mocking you were best, Ile bob your beetle head and if you mocke him.

Blo. He's run Redcap.

Red. La la law ma Madam.

Rob. Away ye saucy foole, goe waite within.

Blo. Run Redcap, run Redcap. *Exit.*

Rob. Art thou the Porters sonne, that was condemned about my brother Gloster?

Red. I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters son, I m must r run to s s seeke your b br brother.

Rob. Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee not too violent, and Ile reward thee.

Red. I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin couſoned with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of these la iaunts, for Gl Gloster was s safe enough.

Enter

ealled Looke about you.

Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled.

Blo. Ah farewel Redcap.

Red, Fa fare we wel and be ha hang. *Exit.*

Rob. You'll neuer leaue your knauery, whoſe there more?

Blo. One Madam that hath commendations to you from your brother.

Rob. Commeſt thou from Gloſter? thou art welcome friend.

Blo. O it's one of the kindeſt Ladies (though ſhe wil now & then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd, and ſhe had been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her ſuch ſp ſp ſport as't a pa pa paſt.

Rob. Wil you make ſport and ſee who knockes againe?

Bl. Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing but knicke a knocke vpon't. *Exit.*

Rob. Wil you be gone ſir? honeſt friend I am glad
My brother Gloſter got thy liberty,
Whoſe flight was cauſe of thy captiuity:
Nor ſhal there be in vs ſuch negligence,
Though thou haue loſt thy Office and thy houſe,
But we wil ſee thee better farre prouided,
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete.

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greeuous grone.

Rob. Prince Richard come ſo late? lights to his chamber,
Sirra, in any caſe ſay I am ſicke.

Blo. Very ſicke, ſicke and like to dye: Ile ſing it and you wil.

Ro. Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellence.

Blo. That's all his deſire to haue ye lowly and humble, and tis a courteous thing in a Lady. *Exit.*

Ro. Hence, or elſe ile ſet you hence: goe in good friend.
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,
Robin can holde out no longer I ſee,
Hot wooers will be tempters preſently. *Exit*

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

Ski. Now holy Skinke in thy religious weed,
Looke out for purchaſe, or thy wonted clyants:

Warrent, quoth you, I was fairely warrented,
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre.

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,
By th'mas a pretty girle, close Hermit close,
Ore-heare if thou canst, what she desires,
For so my cunning and my credit spreads.

La. See how affection armes my feeble strength,
To this so desperate iourneying all alone,
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

Ski. What mistery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,
It's she, sweet fortune thou hast sent her wel,
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:
Her husband's iealious, I will giue him cause,
As he beleeues, I hope it shall succeed;
Nay swounds it shal, she's mine in scorne of speed.

La. By this broad beaten path, it should appeare,
The holy Hermits Caue cannot be farre,
And if I erre not, this is he himselfe.

Ski. What houour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

La. What honour'd tongue?

Ski. I Lady Faukenbridge,
I know ye, and I know for what you come,
For Gloster and your husbands iealousie.

La. O thou, whose eye of contemplation,
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,
Resolue thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloster liues:
And whether he shal liue, and scape the hate,
Of proude young Henry and his brother Iohn?

Ski. Ile haue you first in, Ile tel you more anone.
Madam, they say bushes haue eares and eyes,
And these are matters of great secrecy:
And you'll vouchsafe enter my holy Cell,
There what you long to know, ile quickely tell.

Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.

La. Stay heere are strangers.

called Looke about you.

Ski. A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes tricke?
Io. Good day olde Hermit.
Fau. So to you faire Dame.
Io. By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed;
Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons?
Hermit hast thou good custome with such Cliants?
I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,
Plague iuggle you.
La. Why curse ye sacred worth?
Fau. Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,
Wrong holines: a very pretty woman.
Mocke grauity; by the masse a cherry lippe,
A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit?
Ioh. I haue it in my purse shall make amends.
Ski. His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,
For hindring me this morning from the Lady;
For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,
For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both.
Io. Hermit, a word.
Fau. A word with you faire mistresse.
Io. Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes?
Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,
To know what's become of traytor Gloster,
That in my cloathes brake prison in the Fleete?
Ski. No, it was Skinke.
Io. Come olde foole yee dote.
Ski. But heare me.
Fau. Heare him Prince.
Io. Swounds who heares you? Ile make your Lady graft ye
for this worke: but to your tale sir.
Ski. Knowe thrise honour'd Prince, that Skinke did couzen
Redcap of his cloathes.
Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.
Io. Well done Faukenbridge?
Fau. My Lord, he tels you true.
Io. You finde it on her lippes: but forward sir.
Ski. T'was Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did visit,

That

That playd at bowles and after ſtole your clothe,
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.
Io. This ſauors of ſome truth,
Fau. Tis very like,
Joh. Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,
Fau. She'l much beleeue you: you will come?
Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not.
My wife quoth you: Ile ſend my wife from home,
Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,
I loue her too too well to like another.
La. It ſeemes ſo ſox, O what a world is this,
There moſt ſinne raynes where leaſt ſuſpition is,
Fau. You'l come.
La. I will not faile, I warrant you,
Jo. Hermit is all this true,
Ski. Himſelfe deliuer not ſo much before ye ſleepe,
Roote me from out the borders of this Realme.
Jo. Well by your leaue ſir Richard Faukenbridge,
Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man,
Fau. Nay take her to you, ſhe is a ſhrow I warrant,
Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,
About my chaine your ſword, the Purſeuant
And other matters that I haue to aſke.
Ski. Your welcome good ſir Richard,
Io. Nay doe not ſtand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,
Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.
I doe not meane to marry, ye think ſo,
But to be merry, you the manner knowe.
And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,
Ile be your true loue, you ſhall be my ſweeting,
If you deny to promiſe, this is plaine
Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.
La. moſt gratious Lord.
Io. Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beautious face.
Be therefore breeſe, giue me your hand & ſweare,
Or Ile away with you into the heath,
Neither ſhall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,

called Looke about you.

And what I doe Ile anſwer well enough.

La. Why, then my Lord.

Io. Nay do not ſtand on then,

But tell me when my Lord ſhall haue you Lady,

Its preſently, ile venter for a baby,

La. This night at ſtepney by my ſummer houſe,

There is a tauerne which I ſometime vſe,

When we from London come a goſſoping,

It is the Hinde,

Io. Giue me thy pretty hand.

Thou'lt meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe,

La. One word's enough,

Ioh. Suffice then be it ſo,

La. Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,

Ile ſend the Princeſſe thether in my place,

Fa. Prince Iohn, prince Iohn, the Hermit teles me wonders.

He ſayes it was Skinke that ſcapt vs at the Tauerne,

Skinke had my chaine: nay ſure that *Skinke* did all.

Skin. I ſay goe but to yonder corner,

And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,

Ther will the theefe attempt a robery,

Io. Who Skinke?

Fau. Will Skinke?

Ski. I Skinke vpon my word.

Fau. Shal we goe ſeaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

Io. Nay we will haue him that's no queſtion.

And yet not hurte the honeſt rogue.

he'll helpe vs well in queſt of changeing Gloſter,

Hermit farwell, Lady keepe your houre.

Fau. Adeiu olde Hermit: ſoone in th'euening Laſſe,

La. Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.

Father what anſwere doe you giue to me?

Ski. Lady ſtart downe I muſt into my cell,

Where I am curing of a man late hurt,

He dreſt, I muſt vnto my Orizons,

In halfe an houre al wil be diſpatcht,

And then I will attend your Ladyſhip.

La. At your beſt leaſure father, O the life

That

That this thriſe reuerend Hermit leadeth heere,
How farre remote from mortall vanities,
Baites to the ſoule, enticements to the eye?
How farre is he vnlike my luſtfull Lord?
Who being giuen himſelfe to be vnchaſte,
Thinke all men like himſelfe, in their effects,
And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,
To wrong the ſacred rytes of ſpotleſſe faith.

Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconers lure in his hand.

Ski. Hermit farewel, ile pay ye or ſpeake with ye next time I ſee yee. Sweete mouſe the Hermit bids you ſtay heere, he'll viſit you anon, Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match yee, and I doe not ſay Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme, when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Commodity is to be prefer'd before pleaſure, Abont profit Skink, for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughts.

La. I am aſſur'd that man's ſome murderer, *Exit.*
Good Father Hermit ſpeake and comfort me,
Are ye at prayers good olde man? I pray ye ſpeake,
What's heere a beard? a counterfeited hayre?
The Hermits portes? garments and his beades?
Ieſus defend me I will fly this denne,
It's ſome theeues caue, no haunt for holy men.
What if the murderer, (as I ges him one)
Set on my huſband, tuſh Prince Iohn and hee
Are able to defend them noble ſelues,
How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,
Leaſt vnto theft and rape, I prooue apray. *Exit.*

Enter Skinke Solus.

Skin. Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground:
Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how?

Enters Faukenbridge.

Fau. I warrant ye my Lord ſome man's diſtreſt.
Ioh. Why man tis a Faulconer,

Fau. Mary

Fa. Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadſt bin robd.

Ski. Rob'd, ſir no, he that comes to rob me ſhal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I ſtept in: abots on him, I loſt a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to ſend another after him, ſo I could find the theefe; and here about he is. I know he is ſquatted.

Fau. Sayſt thou me ſo? we'l finde him by S. Mary.
An honeſt fellow, a good common wealths man.

Io. There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

Ski. Yes ſir, tread the ground ſir, & you ſhal heare their hollownes, this way ſir this way.

Io. Help Faukenbridge.

Fau. O help me good prince Iohn.

Skin. Ile helpe you both, deliuer ſir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince Iohn put vp your purſſe, or ile throw poniards downe vpon your pate. Quickely, when? I am Skink that ſcapt ye yeſternight, and fled the Fleete in your cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot ſtay, ſweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

Fau. Gods mary mother, heer's a ieſt indeed,
We came to take, a theefe takes vs:
Where are ye good my Lord?

Io. No matter where, I thinke I was fore-ſpoken at ỹ teate,
This damn'd rogue ſeru'd me thus? Gloſter and he
Vpon my life conclude in villany.
He was not wont to plot theſe ſtratagems,
Lend me your hand a little, come away,
Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit
Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

Fau. Mary a God then ten to one its ſo,
Wel thought on Princely Iohn,
He had my chayne, no doubt he had your ſwoord.

Ioh. If there be now no Hermit at the Cel,
Ile ſweare by al the Saints its none but he. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloſter in the Hermits gowne, putting on the beard.

Glo. This accident hath hit thy humour Gloſter,
From purſeuant ile turne a Hermit now.
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeit,
Elſe what does he heere with falſe hayre and beard?
Well how ſo eare it be, Ile ſeeme to be
The holy Hermit: for ſuch fame there is,
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath.

Enter Skinke.

Ski. Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles,
And ſome od mate is got into my gowne,
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,
I cannot ſtay to queſtion with you now,
I haue another gowne, and all things fit,
Theſe gueſts once rid, new mate? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

Gl. What's he a gods name? he is quickly gone,
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,
Whoſe yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge?
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*,
One good the other ill, by th'mas they prye
And looke vppon me but ſuſpitiouſly.

Io. This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not Skinke:
He is a learned reuerend holy man.

Fau. He is he is a very godly man,
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,
Wee ſhould haue tooke you, by my hollydam
Euen for a very theeſe.

Glo. Now God forſend ſuch noblemen as you ſhould geſſe (me ſo,
I neuer gaue ſuch cauſe for ought I knowe.

Ioh. Yet thou didſt tell vs Skinke ſhould doe a roberye,
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him,

Fau. And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both.

Glo. He's a lewd fellow, but he ſhall be taken.

Io. I had rather heere of Gloſter then of him.

Glo Gloſter did cheat him, of the ſame golde chaine,
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge,
He got your ſword Prince Iohn: twa's he that ſaude
The porter, and beguil'd the Purſeuant,

Iob. A vengaunce on him.

Glo. Doo not curſſe good Prince, he's bad enough, twere better pray for him.

Io. Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him,
Ile fell woods, and ring thee round with fire,
Make thee an offring vnto fierce reuenge,
If thou haue but a thought to pray for him.

Glo. I am bound to pray for all men, chefely chriſtians.

Iob. Ha ha, for chriſtians, thinkſt thou he is one?
For men: haſt thou opinion he is a man?
He that changes himſelfe to ſundry ſhapes,
Is he a chriſtian? can he be a man?
O, Irreligious thoughts,

Glo. Why worthy Prince I ſaw him chriſtened, dept into

Io. Then nyne times like the northen laplanders, (the font
He backward circled the ſacred Font,
And nyne times backward ſayd his Oriſons,
As often curſt the glorious hoaſt of heauen,
As many times inuocke thefiends of hell,
And ſo turn'd witch, for Gloſter is a witch.

Glo. Haue patient Gentle Prince, he ſhall appeare,
Before your Kingly father ſpeedily.

Io. Shall he indeed? ſweet comfort kiſſe thy cheeke,
Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,
When he is taken: Hermit I protеſt
Ile build thee vp a chappell and a ſhrine:
Ile haue thee worſhipt, as a man deuine,
Aſſure he ſhall come, and Skinke ſhall come.

Glo. I that ſame Skinke, I prethee ſend that Skinke,

Iob. Send both, and both as priſoners crimminate
Shall forfeite their laſt liues to Englands ſtate,
Which way will Faukenbridge?

Fau. Ouer the water, and ſo with al ſpeed I may to Stepney

Io. I muſt to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,
Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,
So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends,

Fau. With all my heart, with all my heart Prince,
Olde Faukenbridge will waite vppon your grace,

Be good to Gloſter for my Marrians ſake,
And me and myne you ſhall your ſeruants make,
Glo. Of that anon my pleaſure being ſeru'd,
Gloſter ſhall haue what Gloſter hath deſeru'd.
Fau. Why, that's well ſaid, adew good honeſt Hermit, *Exit.*
Io. Hermit farwell, if I had my deſire,
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire, *Exit.*
Glo. Still good, ſtill paſſing good, Gloſter is ſtill
Henryes true hate, foe to Iohns froward will.
No more of that for them in better tyme,
If this ſame Hermit be an honeſt man,
He will protect me by this ſimple life,
If not I care not, Ile be euer Gloſter,
Make him my foot ſtole if he be a ſlaue,
For Baſeneſſe ouer worth can haue no power.
Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings,
Then ſcorne to be ſlaue to vnderlings,
Looke well about thee Lad and thou ſhalt ſee,
Them burſt in enuy that would iniure thee.
Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,
Honeſt, Ile loue you: worſe, Ile knocke you downe. *Exit.*

Enter Prince Richard *with muſicke.*

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,
And eyther ſhe's not willing to be ſeene,
Or els not well: or with our boldneſſe greeu'd,
To eaſe theſe I haue brought you to this window,
Knowing your are in muſicke excellent,
I haue pend a ditty heere: and I deſire
You would ſing it for her loue and my content,
Muſi. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Robin Hood *like the Lady.*

Rob. Your excellence forgets your Princely worth,
If I may humbly craue it at your hands,
Let me deſire this muſicke be diſmiſt,
Ric. For beare I pray and with draw your ſelues.
Be not offended gratious Marrian, *Exeunt Muſicke.*
Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly ſpheres,

Turne

Turne with a motion euer muſicall,
In Pallaces of Kings, meliodious ſounds,
Offer pleaſures to ther ſoueraignes eares.
In Temples, milke white clothed queriſtors,
Sing ſacred Anthemes bowing to the ſhrine,
And in the feelds whole quires of winged clarkes,
Salutes the morning bright and Chriſtaline.
Then blame not me; you are my heauen, my Queene,
My ſaint, my comfort, brighter then the morne,
To you all muſicke, and all praiſe is due.
For your delight you for delight was borne,
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,
If from the world your beautie were away.
Rob. Fie on loues blaſphemie and forgery,
To call that in, thats onely miſery,
I that am wedded to ſuſpitious age,
Solicited by your laſciuious youth,
I that haue one poore comforte liuing,
Gloſter my brother, my hie harted brother,
He flies for feare, leaſt he ſhould faint and fall
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.
Ric. What would you I ſhould doe?
Rob. I would full faine, my brother Gloſter had his peace
againe.
Ric. Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring
A certaine token of his good eſtate,
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate,
Rob. I will.
Rich. No more, I vow to dye vnbleſt
If I performe not this inpoſed queſt,
But one word Madam pray can you tell,
Where Huntington my ward is?
Rob. I was bold to ſend yong Robin Hood your noble ward
Vpon ſome buſines of import for me.
Ri. I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne
Shaddow the bright ſunne of thy beauties light.

Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,
Rayſe power but we'l haue peace, onely performe
Your gratious promiſe at my backe returne.
Rob. Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that ſame night
Which ſecondeth the day of your returne,
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre
Forſweare the loathed bed of Faukenbridge:
Be ſpeedy therefore, as you hope to ſpeed.
Ric. O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,
Then ſhould you ſee my expeditious will:
My moſt deſire, adew, gueſſe by my haſte,
Of your ſweet promiſe the delicious taſte. *Exit.*
Rob. Why ſo: I am rid of him by this deuiſe,
He would elſe haue tyred me with his ſighes and ſongs,
Enter Blocke.
But now I ſhall haue eaſe, heere comes the Saint,
To whom ſuch ſute was made.
Bl. My Lady Gentlewoman is euen heere in her priuitye walke, Madam heer's the Marchants wife was heere yeſterday would ſpeake with yee; O I was ſomewhat bolde to bring her in.
Ro. Wel leaue vs ſir; y'are welcome gentlewoman.
Blo. Theſe women haue no liberality in the world in them, I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.
Rob. Pleaſe ye to walke ſir? wherfore mumble ye?
La. Robin what newes? how haſt thou done this night?
Ro. My Ladiſhip hath done my part, my taske,
Lyne all alone for lacke of company,
I might haue had Prince Richard,
La. Was he heere?
Rob. He went away but now; I haue bin lou'd & wood too (ſimply,
God rid me of the woman once againe,
Ile not be tempted ſo for all the world.
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncaſe?
La. Nay keep my habit yet a little while,
Olde Faukenbridge is almoſt at the gate,
I met him at Black heath iuſt at the Hermits,
And taking me to be a Merchants wife,

Fell

Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring,
Made me proteſt that I would meete him heere.
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,
Ile ſhake her vp, ile packe her out of ſight,
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the ieſt.

Enter Sir Rich. *Faukenbridge and Blocke.*

Fau. Gods mary knaue, how long hath ſhe bin heere?
Blo. Sir ſhe came but euen in afore you.
Fa. A cunning queane, a very cunning queane,
Go to your buſines Block, ile meete with her. (wards, *Exit.*
Blo. Ah old Muttonmounger I beleeue heer's worke to-
Fau. Doe not beleeue her Mall, doe not beleeue her:
I onely ſpake a word or two in ieſt,
But would not for the world haue bin ſo mad,
Doe not beleeue her Mall, doe not beleeue her:
Rob. What ſhould I not beleeue? what doe you meane?
La. Why good Sir Richard, let me ſpeake with you,
Alas wil you vndoe me? wil you ſhame me?
Is this your promiſe? came I heere for this?
To be a laughing ſtocke vnto your Lady
Rob. How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there?
Fa. Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman?
Didſt not tel my wife what match we made: ?
La. I tel your wife? thinke ye I am ſuch a beaſt?
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.
Fau. Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel.
Rob. What's the matter? I pray ye ſir Richard tell me?
Fau. Mary Mall thus, about ſome twelue monthes ſince,
Your brother Gloſter, that mad prodigall,
Cauſ'd me to paſſe my word vnto her husband,
For ſome two thouſand pound: or more perchaunce,
No matter what it is, you ſhall not know,
Nay ye ſhal neuer aske to know.
Rob. And what of this?
Fau. Mary the man's decayde,
And I beleeue a little thing would pleaſe her;
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,

Ile deale with ye as ſimply as I can.
La. Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith.
Rob. Deale with her ſimply, ô ho; what kinde of dealing?
Can ye not deale with her and I be by?
Fau. Mary a God, what are ye iealous?
Ye teach me what to doe: in, get you in.
O I haue heard Prince Richard was your gueſt,
How dealt you than? In, get you in I ſay,
Muſt I take care about your brothers debts,
And you ſtand croſſing me, in, or ile ſend you in. *Exit Robin.*
Ha ſirra, you'l be maſter, you'l weare the yellow,
You'l be an ouer-ſeer: mary ſhal yee.
La. Ye are too curſt (me thinkes ſir) to your Lady;
Fau. Ah wench content thee, I muſt beare her hard,
Elſe ſhe'l be prining into my dalliances:
I am an olde man ſweet girle I muſt be merry,
All ſteele, al ſpright, keep in health by change,
Men may be wanton, wowen muſt not range.
La. You haue giuen good counſel ſir, ile repent me,
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.
Fau. I meane not ſo, I thinke to day thou toldes me
Thy husband was an vnthrift, and a bankrout,
And he be ſo, tut thou haſt fauour ſtore,
Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore.
La Indeed my husband is a bankrout,
Of faith, of loue, of ſhame, of chaſtity,
Dotes vpon other women more then me.
Fau. Ha doe he ſo? then giue him tit for tat,
Haue one ſo young and faire, and loues another,
He's worthy to be coockolded by the maſſe.
What is he olde or young?
La. About your age.
Fa. An old knaue and cannot be content with ſuch a peate,
Come to my cloſet girle, make much of me,
We'll appoint a meeting place ſome twiſe a weake,
And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha?
La. O but you'll forget me preſently,
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

Fau. Who

Fau. Who vpon her? why ſhe is a very dowdy,
A diſhclout, a foule lipſie vnto thee,
Come to my cloſſet laſſe, there take thy earneſt
Of loue, of pleaſure and good maintenaunce.
La. I am very fearefull.
Fau. Come foole neuer feare I am Lord heare, who ſhall
diſturb as then?
Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come,
La. Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods ſake.

Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.

Fau. How now, what meanſt?
La. Help Gentle Madam help,
Rob. How now what aylſt thou?
Bloc. Nay and't be a woman, nere feare my maſter Madam
La. Why ſpeakſt thou not, what aylſt thou?
Fau. Why nothing, by the rood nothing ſhe ayls,
La. O Madam this vile man would haue abuſed me,
And forcſt me to his cloſſet,
Rob. Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,
La. Call in your ſellowes blocke,
Fa. Doe not thou knaue,
La. Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,
Blo. Nay Ile doo't, I knowe ſhe meanes to ſhame you. *Exit.*
Fau. Why Mall wilt thou beleeue this paultrie woman?
Huſwife Ile haue you whipt for ſlaundring me.
Ro. What Leacher, no ſhe is an honeſt woman,
Her husband's well knowne, all the houſhold knowes.
Blo. Heer's ſome now, to tell all the towne your mynd,
La. Before ye all I muſt ſure complaine,
You ſee this wicked man, and ye all knowe
How oft he hath byn Iealous of my life,
Suſpecting falſhood being falſe himſelfe;
Blo. O maiſter, O maiſter,
Fau. She ſlaunders me. ſhe is a couſoning queane.
Fetch me the Conſtable, Ile haue her puniſht,
La. The Conſtable for me fie, fie vpon ye.
Madam do you know this ring?
Rob. It is ſir Richards.

Blo. O I, that's my maſters too ſure.
Fau. I mary, I did lend it to the falſe drab
To fetch ſome money for that bankrout knaue
Her husband, that lyes priſoner in the Fleete.
La. My husband bankrout? my husband in the Fleete priſo-
No, no, he is as good a man as you. (ner?
Rob. I that he is, and can ſpend pound for pound
With thee yfaith, were richer then thou art,
I know the gentleman.
La. Nay Madam he is hard by, there muſt be Reuelles at the
Hinde to night;
Your copeſmate there, Prince Iohn.
Rob. Ther's a hot youth.
Bl. O, a fierce Gentleman.
La. He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him,
The Princeſſe ſhall be there in my attyre.
Fau. A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God
I ſee Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,
And ſince he ſhal be mockt as well as I,
Its ſome contentment.
Bl. Maſſe he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almoſt taken,
Looke about ye old Richard?
Fau. Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall
Let thou and I and ſhe, ſhut vp this matter.
Rob. Away ſirs, get in.
Bl. Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewel old
Rob. Now ſir, what ſay you now? (Richard. *Exit*
Fa. Mary ſweet Mall I ſay I met this woman, likt her, lou'd
For ſhe is worthy loue I promiſe thee; (her,
I ſay I coorted her: tut make no braule
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.
Ro. Had I done ſuch a tricke, what then? what then?
Fau. Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.
Rob. I, we muſt beare with you; you'l be excuſ'd,
When women vndeſerued are abuſ'd.
Fau. Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,
I know thee vertuous, and I doo proteſt,
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

Rob. I

called Looke about you.

Rob. I, I, ye ſweare, who's that that will beleeue ye?

Fau. Now by my holydam and honeſt faith,
This Gentlewoman ſhall witnes what I ſweare.
Sweet Ducke a little help me?

La. Truſt him Madam.

Fau. I will be kinde, credulous, conſtant euer,
Doe what thou wilt, ile be ſuſpitious neuer.

Ro. For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

Fau. Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

La. And I your Lady whome you coorted laſt.
Ye lookt about you ill, foxe we haue caught ye,
I met ye at Blacke heath, and ye were hot.

Fau. I knew thee Mall, now by my ſwoord I knew thee,
I winkt at all, I laught at euery ieſt.

Rob. I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye.

Fa. Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

La. Well, I muſt beare it all.

Fa. come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget ſweet
La. I doe forgiue it, and forget it ſir. (Mall.

Fa. Why that's well ſaid, that's done like a good gitle:
Ha ſirra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

Rob. I haue, ye ſee ſir I muſt vnto Blacke heath,
In queſt of Richard, whom I ſent to ſeeke
Earle Gloſter out, I know he's at the Hermits;
Lend me your Coach; Ile ſhift me as I ride,
Farewell ſir Richard. *Exit.*

Fau. Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a pretty childe;
Shall we goe meete Iohn? ſhall we goe mocke the Prince?

La. We will.

Fa. O then we ſhall haue ſport anon,
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,
Olde Faukenbridge wil ſtil be a mad Dicke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Reacap and Gloſter.

Red. Doe ye ſ ſ ſay fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Gloſter is about this Heath?

Glo. He is vpon this Heath Some looke about it,
Run but the compaſſe, thou ſhalt finde him out,

Red. R r run? ile r run the co compaſſe of all k Kent but Ile f finde him out, my ff father (where ere hee layes his head) dare ne neuer co come home I know, t t till hee bee fo fo found.

Gl. Wel thou ſhalt find him, knowſt thou who's a hunting?

Red. M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancaſter and Le Leyſter. Fa fa farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Gloſter, Ile g g giue thee the pr priſe of a penny p p pudding for thy p paines.

Glo. Adew good friend: this is ſure the fellow
I ſent on meſſage from the Parlament.
The Porrers ſonne, he's ſtill in queſt of me,
And Skinke that couſoned him of his red cap.

Enter Richard like a Seruing man.

But looke about thee Gloſter, who comes yonder?
O a plaine ſeruingman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,
And my purſſe now growes thin: if he haue any I muſt ſhare (with him.

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

And who's on yond ſide? O it is my Hermit,
Hath got his other ſute ſince I went foorth.

Skin. Sbloud yonder's company, ile backe againe,
Elſe I would be with you counterfeite,
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,
But neuer eate till I haue quit my wrong. *Exit*

Ric. I ſaw two men attend like holy Hermits,
One's ſlipt away, the other at his beades,
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,
Make thy inquiry where mad Gloſter liues.
If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,
Ile ſeeke him thus diſguiſ'd: if he be paſt
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.
Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are ſweet,
In euery troubled way, thou guidſt our feete.
Louers inioyn'd to paſſe the daungerous Sea
Of big ſwolne ſorrow, in the Barke affection;
The windes and waues of woe need neuer feare,
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate ſteare.

Glo. Heer's ſome louer come, a miſchiefe on him,

I know not how to anſwere theſe mad fooles,
But ile be briefe, ile marre the Hermits tale;
Off gowne, holde Buckler, ſlice it bilbowe blade.
Ric. What's this? what ſhould this meane? old man, good friend
Glo. Young foole deliuer elſe ſee your end.
Ric. I thought thou hadſt been holy and a Hermit.
Glo. What ere you thought, your purſſe? come quickly ſir?
Caſt that vpon the ground, and then conferre.
Ric. There it is.
Glo. Falles it ſo heauy? then my heart is light.
Ric. Thou't haue a heauier heart before thou touch it,
Theft ſhrinde in holy weedes? ſtand to't y'are beſt.
Glo. And if I doe not, ſeeing ſuch a pray,
Let this be to me a diſaſter day.
Ric. Art thou content to breath? *Fight & part once or twiſe*
Glo. With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friendly part.
Ric. I will not cheriſh theft.
Glo. Then I defye thee. *Fight againe and breath.*
Ric. Alas for pitty, that ſo ſtout a man,
So reuerend in aſpect, ſhould take this courſe.
Glo. This is no common man with whom I fight,
And if he be he is of wondrous ſpright,
Shall we part ſtakes?
Ric. Fellow take the purſſe vpon condition thou wilt follow me?
Glo. What waite on you? weare a turn'd Liuery?
Whoſe man's your maſter? If I be your man,
My mans mans office will be excellent:
There lyes your purſſe againe, win it and weare it. *Fight.*

Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.

Rob. Claſhing of weapons at my welcome hyther?
Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well ſaid olde man,
Ile take thy ſide, the yonger hath the oddes.
Stay, end your quarrell, or I promiſe ye
Ile take the olde mans part.
Ric. You were not wont yong Huntington, ſtil on Richards ſide
Rob. Pardon gratious Prince I knew ye not.
Gl. Prince Richard: then lye enuy at his foote,
Pardon thy couſen Gloſter, valiant Lord,

I knew no common force confronted myne,
O heauen I had the like conſeite of thine.
Ric. I tell thee Robin Gloſter thou art met,
Bringing ſuch comfort vnto Richards heart.
As in the ſoyle of warre when duſt and ſweat,
The thirſt of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,
Haue ſeazd vppon the ſoule of valiaunce,
And he muſt faint except he be refreſht.
To me thou comſt as if to him ſhould come,
A perry from the North, whoſe froſtie breath
Might fan him coolneſſe in that doubt of death.
With me then meets, as he a ſpring might meet,
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,
Whoſe chriſtall moyſture in his Helmit taine,
Comforts his ſpyrits, makes him ſtrong againe.
Glo. Prince, in ſhort termes if you haue brought me com-
Know if I had my pardon in this hand fort
That ſmit baſe Skinke in open Parlament,
I would not come to Court, till the high feaſt
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,
For as the olde King as he made a vow
At his vnluckie Coronation,
Muſt waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,
And all the Pieres muſt kneele while Henry kneeles
Vnto his cradle; he ſhall hang me vp,
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.
But when the feaſt is paſt if you'll befrend me,
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth,
Ric. Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,
Ile take thy parte, them and their threates defye,
Glo. Gramercy princly Dicke,
Rob. I haue ſome power, I can rayſe two thouſand Soldiers
in an hower,
Glo. Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington
Carry my ſiſter Faukenbridge this ring,
Ric. Ile carry it my ſelfe, but I had rather
Had thy kinde company, thou might'ſt haue mou'd

Thy

called Looke about you.

Thy Siſter, whome I long haue vainely lou'd,
Glo. I like her that ſhe ſhunes temptation
Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,
I ſhould not take it well, that you vrge me
To ſuch an office: but I beare with you,
Loue's blinde and mad, hie to her boldly, try her;
But if I know ſhe yeeld, faith Ile defie her,
Ric. I like thy honorable reſolution,
Gloſter I pray thee pardon my intreate,
Glo. its mens cuſtome; part part Gentle Prince,
Farwell good Robin, this gold I will borrow,
Meet you at ſtepney pay you all to morrow,
Rob. A dew Gloſter,
Gl. Farwell, be ſhort; you gone, I hope to haue a little ſport
Ric. Take heed mad Cuz. *Exeunt.*
Glo. Tut tell not me of heed,
He that's too wray neuer hath good ſpeed.
Hollowing within, Enter Lanc. with a broken ſtaffe in his hand.
Whoſe this old Lancaſter my honoured frend?
Lan. Theſe knaues haue ſeru'd me well, left me alone,
I haue hunted fairely, loſt my purſe, my chaine,
My Iewels, and bin bangd by a bold knaue,
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,
O what a world is this? *Glo.* Its ill my Lord.
Lan. Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worſe for thee,
Keepe from me, be content with that thou haſt,
And ſee thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,
Ile make thee to all theeues aſpectacle,
Had my ſtaffe held, thou hadſt not ſcaped me ſo,
But come not neare me, follow not thou art beſt,
Holla, Earle Leyſter, holla Huntſman hoe?
Glo. Vppon my life, old Lancaſter a Hunting,
Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,
Ide play rob theefe, at leaſt part ſtakes with him.
Skin. Zounds he is yonder alone,
Enter Redcap with a cudgell.
Skinke now reuenge thy ſelfe on yonder ſlaue,
Znayles ſtill preuented; this ſame Redcap rogue

Runs

Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

Red. Wh wh wh whope He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made Re Redcap run a fine co co compaſſe, ha haue you not?

Ski. I made thee run?

Glo. Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Gloſter would coniure him.

Red. Ie Ie Ieſus bl bleſſe me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile ca ca caperclaw to to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me, and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh wh which is the fa fa falſe k k k knaue? for I am ſſ ſure the olde He He Hermit wo would neuer mo mocke an honeſt man.

Glo. he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.
I did not ſee thee in my life before,
He weares my garments, and has couſſoned me,

Red. Haue you co co couſoned the he Hermit and m made Redcap run to no pu pu purpoſe?

Ski. No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes,
As ſure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,
Sent thee to Kent, gaue thee thy fare by water,
So ſure hee's falſe, and I the perfet Hermit,

Glo. This villaine is a coniurer I doubt,
Were he the deuill yet I would not budge,

Red. Si ſi ſirra, you are the co counterfeite, O this is the tr tr true He Hermit, ſta ſta ſtand ſtill g good man at that, ile bu bumbaſt you yfaith, ile make you g giue the olde m m man his gowne.

Offers to ſtrike, Gloſter trippes vp his heeles, ſhifts Skinke into his place.

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee ff for this tr tr tricke.

Ski. It was not I twas he that caſt thee downe,

Red. You li li li lye you ra ra raſcall you, I le left ye ſt ſtanding he heare.

Ski. Zounds hold you ſtammerer, or Ile cut your ſtumps.

Gl. He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

Red. O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder murder.

Enter Lancaſter & Huntſmen at one doore, Leyſter & Huntſmen at another.

Lan. Lay

Lan. Lay holde vpon that theeuiſh counterfeit,
Ley. Why heares another Hermit Lancaſter:
Glo. I am the Hermit ſir, that wretched man
Doth many a robberie in my diſguiſe:
Skin. Its he that robs, he ſlaunders me, he lies,
Lan. Which ſet on thee?
Red. Th this ff fellow has a ſſſword and a buckler.
Lan. Search him; this is the theefe, o heares my purſe,
My chaine, my Iewels: oh thou wicked wretch,
How darſt thou vnder ſhow of holines,
Commit ſuch actions of impietie?
Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke ſcorne.
Ski. Lay holde vpon that other hermit.
He is a counterfeit as well as I,
He ſtole thoſe clothes from me, for I am Skinke,
Search him, I know him not, he is ſome ſlaue.
Glo. Thou lyeſt baſe varlet.
Re. O g God he has a ſword too, S *Skink* are you ca catcht?
Lan. Villaine thou ſhalt with me vnto the Court.
Ley. And this with me, this is the traytor Gloſter.
Glo. Thou lyeſt proud Leyſter I am no traytor.
Re. G gloſter? O b braue, now m my father ſh ſhal be ffree
Lan. Earle Gloſter I am ſorry thou art taken.
Glo. I am not taken yet, nor will I yeild
To any heare but noble Lancaſter,
Let Skinke be Leyſters priſoner Ile be thine.
Ley, Thou ſhalt be mine.
Gl. Firſt through a crimſon ſluce, Ile ſend thy hated ſoule
to thoſe blacke fiendes
That long haue houered gaping for their parte,
When tyrant life ſhould leaue thy traytor heart.
Come Lancaſter keep *Skinke* ile goe with thee,
Let looſe the mad knaue, for I prayſe his ſhifts,
He ſhall not ſtarte away, ile be his guide,
And with proude looks outface young Henries pride.
Ley. Looke to them Lancaſter vpon thy life.
Red. Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K KKing,
Gl Gloſter and Skinke ta ta taken? O b b braue, r r r run re

ReRed ca cap a and ca ca cary the firſt n n newes to co co court.

Ley. Lancaſter ile helpe to guarde them to the Court.

Lan. Doe as you pleaſe.

Glo. Leyſter doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou ſhalt buy it dearely.

Ley. Ile haue thy hand for this.

Glo. Not for thy heart.

Ski. Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadſt been the Noble Gloſter (whoſe mad trickes haue made mee loue thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what remedy, we are faſt & muſt anſwere it like Gentlemen, like Soul-diers, like reſolutes.

Gl. I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancaſter,
For thy ſake will I goe; or elſe by heauen
Ide ſend ſome dozen of theſe ſlaues to hel. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoode & Lady Faukenbridge.

La. Your trauaile and your comfortable newes,
This Ring, the certaine ſigne you met with him,
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,
Importune that no more, you nere can haue.

Ric. Nay then ye wrong mé Lady Faukenbridge,
Did you not ioyne your faire white hand?
Swore that ye would forſweare your husbands bed,
If I could but finde out Gloſter?

La. I ſweare ſo? *Ric.* By heauen

Rob. Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

Ric. What meanſt thou Huntington?

Ro. To ſaue your ſoule, I doe not loue to haue my friends
She neuer promiſt that you vrge her with. (forſworne,

Ric. Goe to, prouoke me not.

Rob. I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promiſt you,
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,
And there had ſuters more then a good many.

Ric. Was I deluded then?

La. No

called Looke about you.

La. No not deluded, but hindred from deſire vnchaſt and rude:
O let me wooe yee with the tongue of ruth,
Dewing your princely hand with pitties teares,
That you would leaue this moſt vnlawfull ſute,
Here we liue till Faukenbridge be dead,
(As God defend his death I ſhould deſire)
Then if your highnes daine ſo baſe a match,
And holy lawes admit a mariage,
Conſidering our affinity in bloud,
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot.
That ſhame ſhall neuer dwell vpon my brow.

Rob. Ifaith my Lord ſhe's honorably reſolu'd,
For ſhame no more, importune her no more.

Ri. Marian I ſee thy vertue, and commend it,
I know my error ſeeking thy dishonor,
But the reſpectleſſe, reaſonles commaund
Of my inflamed loue, bids me ſtill try,
And trample vnder foote all pietye.
Yet for I will not ſeeme too impyous,
Too inconſiderate of thy ſeeming griefe,
Vouchſafe to be my Miſtris: vſe me kindely,
And I proteſt ile ſtriue with all my power,
That luſt himſelfe may in his heate deuour.

La. You are my ſeruant then.

Ric. Thankes ſacred Miſtreſſe.

Ro. What am I?

La. You are my fellow Robert.

Enter Faukenbridge in his hoſe and dublet.

Fau. What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Maſſe
You are come as fitly as my heart can wiſh:
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller,
He hath inuited me and Marian,
Gods mary mother goe along with vs,
Its but hard by, cloſe by, at our towne Tauerne.

Ric. Your Tauerne?

Fau. O I I I tis his owne made match,
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;

Come,come,he's ready,O come, come away.

*La.*But wher's the Princeſſe?

*Fa.*He's ready too.Block Bl,my man,muſt be her waiting (man,
Nay wil ye goe?for gods ſake let vs goe.

*Ri.*Is the ieſt ſo?nay then let vs away.

*Rob.*O twill allay his heate,make dead his fire,

*Fau.*Ye bob'd me firſt,ye firſt gaue me my hyre,
But come agods name,Prince Iohn ſtayes for vs. *Exeunt.*

*Rob.*This is the word,euer at ſpend-thriftes feaſtes,
They are guld themſelues,and ſcoft at by their gueſts. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn.

*Ioh.*Buffild and ſcoſt,Skinke,Gloſter,women, fooles, and
boyes abuſe me?
Ile be reueng'd,

*Ric.*Reueng'd,and why good childe?
Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worſer baſting.

*Fa.*I, they haue banded from chaſe to chaſe;
I haue been their tennis ball,ſince I did coort,

*Ric.*Come Iohn,take hand with vertuous Iſabell,
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends,
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feaſtiuall,
Is foorthwich to be kept,thether we'l hye,
And grace with pompe that great ſolemnity.

*Io.*Whether ye wil,I care not where I goe:
If griefe wil grace it,ile adorne the ſhew.

*Fa.*Come Madam,we muſt thither,we are bound.

*La.*I am loath to ſee the Court,Gloſter being from thence,
Or kneele to him that gaue vs this offence.

*Fa.*Body of me peace woman,I prethee peace.

Enter Redcap.

*Red.*Go go god ye,go god ſſpeed ye,

*Ioh.*Whether run you ſir knaue?

*Red.*R r run ye ſir kuaue?why I r run to my La Lady Fa Faukenbridge, to te te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloſter is t taken,and are gg one to the CC Court with L Lord Leyſter, and L Lord la la Lancaſter.

*Io.*Is Gloſter taken?thether will I flye
Vpon wraths wings,not quiet til he dye. *Exit with Princeſſe*

*Ri.*Is

Rich. Is Gloſter taken?

Red: I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witnes,

Ric. Then will I to Court, & eyther ſet him free, or dye the death,
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam:
You ſaid you had the Porter in your houſe,
Some of your ſeruants bring him, on my life
One hayre ſhal not be taken from his head,
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloſter iniured.

Fa. Come Mall, and Richard ſay the word nere feare.

Ro. Madam, we haue twenty thouſand at our call,
The moſt, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

La: Pray God it prooue ſo. (Porter.

Ric: Follow Huntington: ſir Rich. doe not faile to ſend the

Fa: Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

Bl. I wil ſir.

Red: The p p Porter of the ſ ſ fl Fleete to Court? what p p porter of the fl fl Fleete?

Blo. What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou ſee thy father?

Red. My fa father? I that I w wold ſ ſee my f father, & there be a p porter in your ho houſe, its my f father.

Bl. Follow me Redcap then. *Exit.*

Red. And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide f f follow ye ſ ſo I would, and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele before the k k King f f for his pa pardon.

Block within. Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

Red. I I I r r run as f f faſt as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant yee.

Enter a Sinet, firſt two Herraldes, after them Leyſter with a Scepter, Lancaſter with a Crowne Imperiall on a cuſhion: After them Henry the elder barebeaded, bearing a ſwoord and a Globe: after him young Henry Crowned: Elinor the mother Queene Crowned: young Queene Crowned. Henry the elder places his Sonne, the two Queenes on eyther hand, himſelfe at his feete, Leyſter and Lancaſter below him.

Hen. Herrald, fetch Lancaſter and Leyſter Coronets,
Suffer no Marqueſſe, Earle, nor Counteſſe enter,

Except their temples circled are in golde,
He deliuers Coronets to Leyſter and Lancaſter.
Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld
As at a cornation, euery Peere
Appeares in all his pompe, ſo at this feaſt
Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.
Let Gloſter be brought in, crown'd like an Earle, *Exit*
This day we'll haue no parley of his death,
But talke of Iouiſanes and gleefull mirth.
Let Skinke come in, giue him a Barons ſeat,
High is his ſpirrit, his deſerts are greate.
Kin. You wrong the honour of Nobilitie,
To place a robber in a Barons ſtead,
Quee. Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.
Kin. Had I miſtearmed him?
Quee. I that had you Henry.
He did a peece of Iuſtice at my Bidding.
Kin. Who made you a Iuſtice?
Hen. I that had the power. *Kin.* You had none then.
Enter Gloſter and Skinke.
Ley. Yes he was crownd before.
Hen. Why does not Gloſter weare a Coronet?
Glo. Becauſe his Soueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.
Hen. By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen
Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,
Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,
Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,
Of red hot Yron that ſhall ſeare thy braines.
Ri. Good Gloſter Crowne thee with thy Coronet.
Lan. Doo gentle Earle.
Skin. Swounds doo, would I had one.
Qu. Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart ſtill.
Glo. Ile weare it but to croſſe thy froward will.
Hen. Sit downe and take thy place.
Glo. Its the low earth.
To her I muſt, from her I had my breath.
Hen. We are pleaſ'd thou ſhalt ſit there, Skinke take thy
place among my nobles.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Iohn and Iſabell with Coronets.

Ski. Thankes to King Henries grace,

Io. Iohn Earle of Morton and of Notingham,
With Iſabell his Counteſſe, bow themſelues
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane.

Hen. Aſſend your ſeats liue in our daily loue.

Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronts.

Ric. Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,
Preſent their ſeruice to your Maieſtie.

Hen. Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue.

Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, ſhe a Coronet

Fa. Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the croſſe,
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife
Dame Marrian Counteſſe of weſt Hereford,
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting.

Hen. Sit downe, thou art a newter, ſhe a foe,
Thy loue we doubt, her hart too well we know.
What ſutors are without, let them come in.

Glo. And haue no Iuſtice where contempt is King.

Hen. Mad man I giue no care to thy looſe words.

Io. O ſir y'are welcome, you haue your old ſeat.

Glo. Though thou ſit hier yet my heart's as great.

Que. Great heart wee'll make you leſſer by the head.

Glo. Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

Enter Blacke and Redcap.

Hen. What are you two?

Red. M ma mary and't pleaſe you I am re re Redcap.

Hen. And what's your mate?

Blo. A poore Porter ſir.

Ioh. The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.

Blo. No truely ſir I was Porter laſt, when I left
The doore open at the Tauerne.

Io. O iſt you ſir?

Ler. And what would you two haue?

Red. I co co come to re re re qui quier the young K K King
of his go goo goodnes, ſince Glo Gloſter is t taken, that he
wo wo would let my fa fa father haue his pa pa pardon.

Hen. Sirra

Hen. Sirra your father has his pardon ſign'd,
Go to the office it ſhall be deliuered.
Red. And ſhall he be p p Porter a ga gaine?
Hen. I that he ſhall, but let him be aduiſ'd
Heareafter, how lets out priſoners.
Red. I wa warrant ye my Lord.
Hen. What haſt thou more to ſay?
Red. Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu puniſht for co co
Cunnicatching me.
Ley. Is that your buſines?
Red. I by my t t troth is it.
Hen. Then get away.
Glo. A gainſt Skinke (poore knaue)
Thou gets no right this day.
Blo. O but run backe Redcap for the Purſeuant.
Red. O I Lord ſſir, I haue another ſſute for the p p Purſe-
uant, that has I I loſt his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.
Hen. What meanes the fellow?
Red. Why the pu pu Purſeuant ſir and the po po Porter.
Glo. The box that I had from him, there it is.
Fau. Mary a me, and I was chargd with it.
Had you it brother Gloſter? Gods good mercy,
Hen. And what haue you to ſay?
Bl. Nothing ſir but God bleſſe you, you are a goodly com-
pany, except ſir William or my Lady wil command me any
more ſeruice.
Fau. Away you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence. *Exit.*
Ley. Put forth them fellowes there.
Red. A ſſo fore I go goe I b b be ſſ ſeech you let Sk Skinke
and gl Gloſter be lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd
the k k knaues to to to b b bad.
Hen. Take hence that ſtuttering fellow, ſhut them forth.
Red. Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you ſhall not n n need to b b b
bid him t a ta take m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run
rarely. *Exit.*
Hen. The ſundrie miſdemeanors late committed,
As theftes and ſhifts in other mens diſguiſe,
We now muſt (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.

Skin. Sweet

Skin. Sweet King by theſe two terrors to myne enemies,
that lend light to my bodies darknes: Cauilero *Skinke*
being beleagerd with an hoſte of leaden heeles, arm'd in
ring Iriſh: cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate;
was ſurpriſed, brought to the fleet as a perſon ſuſpected, paſt
currant, till Gloſter ſtript me from my counterfet, clad my
backe in ſilke and my hart in ſorrow, and ſo left me to the
mercy of my mother witt: how Prince Iohn releaſt me, he
knowes: howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know: but
how he will get it againe, I know not.

Fau. Where is it ſirra, tell me where it is?

Glo. I got it from him, and I got Iohns ſword,

Joh. I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

Rut. O be more charitable brother Iohn.

Ley. My Leidge, you need not by perticulars
Examine what the world knows too plaine,
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is ſau'd,
If not, he is conuicted by the Law,
For Gloſter: as you worthyly reſoul'd,
Firſt take his hand, and afterward his head.

Hen. Skinke thou haſt life, our pardon and our loue.

Ski. And your forgiueneſſe for my robbery?

Io. Tut neuer trouble me with ſuch a toy.
Thou hindreſt me from hearing of my ioye.

Hen. Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,
Kniues, and a Surgion to binde vp the vaines,
Of Gloſters arme: when his right hand is off,
His hand that ſtrooke Skinke at the Parlament:

Sk. I ſhall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

Kin. Sonne Henry ſee thy fathers palzie hands,
Ioyn'd like two ſupplyants, preſſing to thy throwne?
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,
Begs mercy for Earle Gloſter? weigh his gilt,
Why for a ſlaue, ſhould Royall blood be ſpilt?

Ski. You wrong myne honour: Skink may be reueng'd,

Hen. Father I doe commend your humble courſe.

But quite diſlike the proiect of your ſute,
Good words in an ill cauſe makes the fact worſe,
Of blood or Baſenes, Iuſtice will diſpute,
The greater man the greater his tranſgreſſion,
Where ſtrength wrongs weaknes, it is meare oppreſſion,
La. O but King Henry heare a ſilter ſpeake,
Gloſter was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,
They are not Iuſtly ſaid, Iuſt lawes to break,
That keep their owne right, with what power they may,
Thinke then thy Royall ſelfe began the wrong,
In giuing Skinke what did to him belong.
Quee. Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,
Giue, take, pryſon, thy ſubiects are thy ſlaues,
Life, need, thrones, proud hearts in dungions fling,
Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.
A King muſt be like Fortune; euer turning,
The world his football, all her glory ſpurning.
Glo. Still your olde counſaile Beldam pollicie,
You'r a fit Tutreſſe in a Monarchy.
Rich. Mother you are vniuſt, ſauage, too cruell,
Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their ſexe,
But you to furyes fire ad more fewell,
The vexed ſpirit, will you delight to vex?
O God when I conſaire what you haue done,
I am a ſham'd to be eſtem'd your ſonne.
Jo. Baſe Richard I diſdaine to call thee brother,
Takeſt thou a traytors part in our diſgrace?
For Gloſter, wilt thou wrong our ſacred mother?
I ſcorne thee and defie thee to thy face.
O that we were in field, then ſhouldſt thou trie,
Rob. How faſt Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye
Thou meet a Lyon in ſeeld? poore mouſe,
All thy Carreers are in a Brothell houſe.
Ioh. Zounds boy.
Rc. Now man:
Ley. Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.
Ric. Leyſter tweare Good you proou'd his Champion.

Jo. Haſten

Jo. Haſten the execution Royall Lord,
Let deeds make anſwer for their worthleſſe wordes.
Glo. I know if I reſpected hand or head,
I am encompaſſed with a world of frends,
And could from fury bee deliuered,
But then my freedom hazards many liues.
Henry performe the vtmoſt of thy hate,
Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,
Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cauſe to prate,
I am prepared for the worſt of ill,
You ſee my knees kiſſe the could pauements face,
They are not bent to Henry nor his frends,
But to all you whoſe bloud fled to your hearts,
Shewes your true ſorrowe in your aſhye cheekes:
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat,
To ſmile on Gloſters Reſolution.
Who euer loues me will not ſhed a teare,
Nor breath a ſigh, nor ſhow a cloudy frowne,
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,
And ſweare as I haue Knighthood heer't ſhall lye,
Till thou haue vſed all thy tyranny.
La. Has no man heart to ſpeake?
Glo. Let all that loue me keepe ſilence, or by heauen Ile hate them dying.
Quee. Harry off with his hand, then with his head.
Fau. By the red rood I cannot chuſe but weepe.
Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.
Quc. When comes this lingring executioner?
Joh. An executioner: an executioner:
Hen. Call none till we haue drunke: father fill wine,
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.
Ric. Ile fill it Henry. *K. kneele downe.*
He. Dick you are too meane, ſo bow vnto your ſoueraigne,
Gl. Kneele to his childe? O hell! O terror! (Gloſter learne:
Who would loue life, to ſee this huge diſhonor?
Hen. Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne, the God was faine
To call young Ioue his ages Soueraigne.

Take now your seate againe and weare your Crowne;
Now shineth Henry like the Middayes Sonne,
Through his Horizon,darting all his beames,
Blinding with his bright splendor euery eye,
That stares against his face of Maiesty.,
The Comets,whose malicious gleames
Threatned the ruyne of our Royalty,
Stands at our mercy,yet our wrath denyes
All fauour,but extreame extreamityes.
Gloster,haue to thy sorrow,chase thy arme
That I may see thy bloud(I long'd for oft)
Gush from thy vaines,and staine this Pallace roofe.
Io. Twould exceed gilding.
Quee. I as golde doth Oaker.
Glo. Its wel ye count my bloud so precious.
Hen. Leyster reach Gloster wine.
Ley. I reach't it him?
Hen. Proude Earle ile spurne thee,quickely go & beare it
Glo. Ile count it poyson if his hand come neere it.
Hen. Giue it him Leyster vpon our displeasure.
Glo. Thus Gloster takes it,thus againe he flings it,
In scorne of him that sent it,and of him that brought it.
Ski. O braue spirit!
La. Bravely resolu'd brother,I honour thee.
Quee. Harke how his sister ioyes in his abuse?
Wilt thou indure it Hall?
Fau. Peace good Marian.
Hen. Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.
Leaue but vs,our Peeres and Ladyes heere.
Richard you loue Earle Gloster:looke about
If you can spye one in this company,
That hath not done as great a sinne as Gloster;
Chuse him,let him be the executioner.
Ric. Thou hast done worse then, like rebellious head,
Hast arm'd ten thousand hands against his life
That lou'd thee so,as thou wert made a King,
Being his childe,now he's thy vnderling.

I haue

I haue done worſe:thriſe I drew my ſwoord,
In three ſet battles for thy falſe defence.
Iohn hath done worſe,he ſtill hath tooke thy part,
All of vs three haue ſmitte our fathers heart;
Which made proude Lucyfer bolde to ſtrike his face,
To his eternall ſhame, and our diſgrace.
Hen. Silence, I ſee thou meanſt to finde none ſit.
I am ſure, nor Lancaſter, nor Huntington,
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him.
Mother, wife, brother, lets deſcend the Throane
Where Henry is the Monarch of the Weſt,
Hath ſet amongſt his Princes dignified.
Father take you the place, ſee Iuſtice.
Kin. Its iniuſt Iuſtice I muſt tell thee Sonne.
Hen. Mother holde you the Baſon, you the Towell,
I know your French hearts thirſt for Engliſh bloud;
Iohn, take the Mallet, I will holde the knife,
And when I bid thee ſmite, ſtrike for thy life:
Make a marke Surgion, Gloſter now prepare thee,
Glo. Tut, I am ready, to thy worſt I dare thee.
Hen. Then haue I done my worſt, thriſe honoured Earle,
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.
Quee. What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?
Hen. I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,
In your ſeditious armes.
Hen. Wife. *Mordieu* Henry.
Hen: Mordieu nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts miſchaunce.
Io. Swounds Henry thou art mad:
Hen I haue bin mad; what ſtampſt thou Iohn? knowſt thou not who I am?
Come ſtamp the deuill out, ſuckt from thy Dam.
Que. Ile curſſe thee Henry.
Hen. You'r beſt be quiet, leaſt where we finde you, to the Tower we beare you,
For being abroad, England hath cauſe to feare yee.
Kin. I am ſtrucke dombe with wonder.

Glo. I amaz'd, imagine that I ſee a vizion.
Hen. Gloſter, I giue thee firſt this Skinke, this ſlaue,
Its in thy power, his life to ſpill or ſaue,
Skin. He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doub: his vſage,
Hen. Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,
And caſt your Coronets before his Crowne,
Downe ſtubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,
Downe Mammet; Leyſter ile cut of thy legs,
If thou delay thy duety: when proude Iohn?
Io. Nay if all kneele, of force I muſt be one.
Fau. Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.
Hen. Father you ſee your moſt rebellious ſonne,
Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,
Requeſting ſentence fitting his defart,
O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.
I doe deliuer vp all dignity,
Crowne, Scepter, ſwoord vnto your Maieſty.
Kin. My heart ſurfets with ioy in hearing this.
And deare Sonne ile bleſſe thee with a kiſſe.
Hen. I will not riſe, I will not leaue this ground,
Till all theſe voyces ioyned in one ſound:
Cry, God ſaue Henry ſecond of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes ſee death with ſhame.
All. God ſaue Henry ſecond of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes ſee death with ſhame.
Hen. Amen, Amen, Amen.
Iob. Harke mother harke?
My brother is already turned Clarke.
Quee. He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.
Hen. Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,
Learne patience and true humility
Of your worſt tuter'd Sonne, for I am he,
Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,
Let her not ſpeake, to trouble my milde ſoule,
Which of this world hath taken her laſt leaue:
And by her power, will my proude fleſh controule.
Off with theſe ſilkes, my garments ſhall be gray,

My

My ſhirt hard hayre, my bed the aſhey duſt,
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay:
For clay I am, and vnto clay I muſt,
O I beſeech ye let me goe alone,
To liue, where my looſe life I may bemone.
Kin. Sonne?
Quee. Sonne?
Ric. Brother?
Io. Brother?
Hen. Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forſake it. *Exit.*
La. Wondrous conuerſion.
Fal. Admirable good: now by my holy dam Mall paſſing good.
Ric. H'ath fir'd my ſoule I will to Paleſtine,
And pay my vowes before the Sepulcher,
Among the multitude of misbeliefe.
Ile ſhew my ſelfe the Souldier of Chriſt,
Spend bloud, ſweat teares, for ſatisfaction
Of many many ſinnes which I lament:
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,
Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.
Glo. He makes me wonder, and inflames my ſpirits,
With an exceeding zeale to Portingale,
Which Kingdome the vnchriſtned Sariſons,
The blacke fac'd Affricans, and tawny Moores,
Haue got vniuſtly in poſſeſſion:
Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.
Ski. Skinke will ſcotch them braue Gloſter
Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches;
Deſerue to be counted valiant by his valour,
And Ryuo will he cry, and Caſtile too,
And wonders in the land of Ciuile doo.
Rob. O that I were a man to ſee theſe fights,
To ſpend my bloud amongſt theſe worthy Knights.
Fa. Mary aye me, were I a boy againe,

Ide

Ide either to Ieruſalem or Spaine.
Ioh. Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.
Kin. Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayſe,
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.
Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,
I am new crowned, new ſettled in my ſeate.
Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thankes and praiſe,
Beſeeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,
That England neuer know more Prince then one. *Exeunt*

FINIS.